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NAVAL LESSONS OF THE WAR.

Though the war in the Far East has now been in progress for the best part of a year, there has as yet been no attempt, so far as the writer is aware, in any English work accessible to the general public to sum up its naval lessons and to apply their teaching to the peculiar conditions of the British Empire. The British Admiralty has been in the closest touch with all that has happened, but the results which it has ascertained have naturally not been communicated to the world, though the influence of the war is plainly to be seen in various new departures of British naval policy. Yet the naval operations have been of unusual importance and interest even to the unprofessional reader, as they may be said to have thoroughly tested the implements and strategy of modern naval war, upon success in which the very existence of England depends.

The test has been on a considerable scale, whence the difference between this war and the conflicts between

Japan and China in 1894-5 and between the United States and Spain in 1898, where one side was far inferior to the other in material strength as well as in skill, and where actions between hostile fleets of battleships did not occur, because in either case one navy was without battleships. In this war the material employed has been of the very newest and best; the Japanese fleet was ahead of most of its European competitors in obtaining the most perfect appliances, while the Russian ships, notwithstanding unfavorable reports which have been circulated in England, were excellent. The force of the two combatants at the opening of the struggle was as follows:

	Japan.	Russia.
First-class battleships	6 ..	7
Armored cruisers (modern)	8 ..	2
Other cruisers	16 ..	9
Destroyers	19 ..	23

The Russian force was indisputably weaker, but not so much so as to

render its position hopeless, while Japan was hampered by the fact that Russia had a considerable fleet in Europe, which sooner or later was certain to attempt to intervene in the war. Hence Japan had to nurse her strength to the utmost, and her admirals were ordered in the most imperative terms to refrain from risking their heavy ships. To these orders the inconclusive issue of several of the actions must be ascribed.

On the eve of war the general impression on the Continent was that the Russian fleet in the Far East would easily be able to hold its own. *Le Yacht* published an interesting article in which the Japanese *personnel* was declared to want just the very qualities it has displayed—vigorous initiative, technical skill in gunnery and the handling of fleets, unity of purpose, and, in a word, all that States endeavor to obtain by maintaining organized navies. Though the English public had formed a juster estimate of the Japanese navy, competent writers in the British press thought that the struggle for the command of the sea would be a desperate one, and that in obtaining so great a prize the Japanese must lose heavily in ships and men. The Russian navy was known to have paid great attention to gunnery, and there was good German authority for the high quality of its shooting. It had not, like the Spanish and Chinese navies, neglected target practice; indeed, on the eve of war the continual firing carried out by the fleet at Port Arthur was one of the reasons which led intelligent neutrals to forebode war. The first lesson of this war, in which it confirms previous experience, is the advantage of a prompt offensive. The Russian fleet at Port Arthur had been warned of the imminence of hostilities, but does not appear to have taken the warning seriously. There were some precautions on the eve of the Japanese

attacks of February 8 and 9, but the ships did not protect themselves by getting out nets, constructing booms and keeping their crews at quarters. The Japanese torpedo boats appeared about midnight, and fired twenty-three torpedoes, of which a very small number took effect. But though the damage done was far less than we should have expected, on that fatal night Russia lost her chance of commanding the sea with her fleet in the Far East. Two battleships and one cruiser were badly injured, and probably it was only the skill and presence of mind of the junior officers on board them that saved them from total destruction. The blow struck was stunning, and had it been instantly followed up by the Japanese, Port Arthur would have fallen within the first three weeks of war.

The unreadiness of the Russians does not appear to have been altogether understood at Tokio, or else there were conditions, of which we know nothing, that intervened to prevent the seizure of Dalny—an event expected after the first blow at Port Arthur—since the opportunity was allowed to pass. On the morning after the torpedo attack, Admiral Togo appeared off Port Arthur and shelled the Russian fleet, but only inflicted upon it slight additional damage. His attack was not pressed, clearly because he was not allowed to risk his ships, though many of his junior officers would have preferred more resolute tactics. From this point on for several weeks there was no serious fighting between the fleets. The Russians made no more grave mistakes, though they displayed a great want of initiative, and failed to use their torpedo craft with energy. The Japanese maintained a mild blockade of Port Arthur, and the two fleets virtually neutralized each other. But the Russians had abandoned all claim to the command of the sea.

The value of a perfect co-ordination of political and naval action is a second lesson of this war. When matters were growing serious, in the winter of 1903-4, the Japanese navy underwent a special battle-training—constant firing at long range with heavy guns, under war conditions, torpedo work at night, in bad weather, using live torpedoes, manœuvring at night without lights, night-firing, and the rehearsal of operations that were actually to form part of the war when it began. Hence the immense self-confidence which the Japanese displayed, and the complete preparedness of their fleet when the hour for action came. Plans were practically worked out immediately before war, and not pigeon-holed at the Japanese admiralty. In fact, the Japanese navy took a "flying start."

This power of intelligent preparation, so that the maximum of force may be exerted in the minimum of time, is what we mean by the word organization, and the study of all modern wars shows it to be the chief factor in giving success. Here, happily, there are signs that the British Admiralty is taking action, and that in the future useless exercises, of no military value, will be eliminated from the training of our fleet, so that its whole energy will be concentrated upon readiness for war. Yet the danger always remains that the military section of the Admiralty may be obstructed in its efforts by the civil section or by the Cabinet, which may refuse to vote the funds required, not understanding the vital importance of the measures proposed.

A third lesson of the war in the Far East has been the importance of the Napoleonic principle of concentration of force. The Russian Admiralty did not place in the Far East a fleet equal to the Japanese, though without any great difficulty it could have done so, since there were a number of older

battleships and cruisers in the Baltic that might have been very serviceable had they been stationed at Port Arthur or Vladivostock. Possibly the want of docking and repairing facilities was the explanation of this mistake. But even accepting this explanation, it does not account for the fact that when war was imminent isolated ships were not recalled and placed in safety. Thus three vessels, the *Variag*, *Koriets*, and *Mandjur*, were lost to the Russian flag with their crews for the whole of the war, and the Japanese were given an easy victory at Chemulpo. The present British Admiralty is taking steps to do what the Russians left undone, and to withdraw weak and old ships from exposed positions. Yet not till the advent of Sir J. Fisher to Whitehall was this policy of concentration adopted, so easy is it for the obvious to escape the attention of those whose main energy is absorbed in routine work.

In the first twenty-four hours the Japanese navy had asserted its temporary command of the sea (temporary because the arrival of the Baltic fleet was always to be feared, and might transform the conditions), yet it is instructive to note that the greatest difficulty has been experienced in blockading the Russian ports. Up to May, indeed, Port Arthur was only watched while Vladivostock was practically left unmolested to the date of writing. The peculiar geographical conditions of the Far East enable the Japanese to adopt this policy, since the Vladivostock ships could not well escape from the Japan Sea without being sighted from the Japanese coast, and thus could not suddenly fall upon the communications of the Japanese fleet at the Elliot Islands or the Japanese army in Korea. The Straits of Korea were held by Kamimura with four armored cruisers, a force slightly superior to the Vladivostock ships, but this disposition left the Russians free to cruise

within the Japan Sea, or even, as they actually did in July, to pass out through the Tsugaru Straits and blockade Yokohama. It was dangerous for the Japanese squadron to leave its post and go in pursuit, as the Japan Sea is famous for its fogs, and under cover of fog the Russian ships might easily have slipped southward past Kamimura, and caused great damage to the Japanese transports and colliers. At the same time, with the Japanese force available it was impossible to blockade Vladivostock, because the port has two entrances, a considerable distance apart, because of the frequency of fogs there, and because of the want of a good naval base near at hand. At the very outset the Japanese naval force proved to weak for the work which was demanded of it, and notwithstanding its high efficiency was unable to perform that work with perfect success. Yet it had a greater margin of superiority as against the Russian fleet than the British navy possesses against one existing and possible naval combination.

At Port Arthur a strict blockade was attempted towards the close of May, but the Japanese have never been able to prevent isolated ships from running in and out. The long range guns mounted in the Russian works keep the powerful Japanese ships at a distance and do not allow them to close in as Admiral Sampson did at Santiago. Thus the *Lieutenant Burakoff* ran in and out; the *Reshitelny* and *Rastoropny* escaped; and numerous merchantmen and junks laden with supplies and ammunition have made their way through the blockading line. This is in entire accordance with British manœuvre experience and it shows the practical impossibility of sealing a hostile port by any blockade, however close. We must be prepared in war to see hostile

ships escape singly, if not in squadrons, should we attempt a blockade, though whether we can blockade is more than doubtful, as there are no good bases near the ports which we should have to watch, whereas the Japanese were able to seize and use first the Elliot Islands, only seventy miles from Port Arthur and well placed from the strategic point of view, and then Dalny as their flying bases. Their battleships could remain at these points in perfect security, and receive from their cruisers off Port Arthur information of the enemy's movements. Hence the conditions must be pronounced far more favorable to them than they would be to ourselves in any probable conflict.

Turning now from the strategical lessons of the war to the tactical lessons, the first and most striking is the comparative inefficiency of the torpedo. From this weapon much had been expected, and it was employed upon a large scale. But except in the initial attack at Port Arthur it has gained no successes,¹ and even at Port Arthur it did not sink a single ship. It failed to put any Russian ship permanently out of action. That the *Retvisan*, *Tzarevitch*, and *Pallada* would have sunk if they had been torpedoed far from shore is probable, but not certain. As it was, contrary to all anticipations, they were again at sea in five months, and very little the worse for their experience. The torpedoes used upon them were the large and powerful 18-in. of latest pattern, which, after the British experiments upon the *Belle Isle*, might have been expected to shatter completely the part of the ship struck and to cause a terrible shock to the boilers and machinery. The actual damage was as follows: a large hole was blown in the *Retvisan's* side, her engines were thrown slightly out side Port Arthur by the Japanese torpedo flotilla.

¹ Since this was written, after six attacks, the "Sevastopol" has been seriously injured out-

of alignment and her boilers developed leaky tubes. She was easily repaired, but her speed was much reduced. The *Tzarevitch* had her rudder blown off and her steering-gear damaged, but the injury was completely repaired. The *Pallada* was struck amidships; the torpedo exploded in a coal bunker, blowing a large hole and damaging the Belleville boilers. The injury was easily and swiftly repaired. An even more astounding failure of the torpedo occurred in the case of the *Sado Maru*. This liner, without any kind of protection, first of all had 150 shells fired at her by the Vladivostock fleet, and then was torpedoed twice with the 18-in. Whitehead by the *Rossia*. The torpedoes blew enormous holes in her and did great damage to her engine-room, but she did not sink, and was towed into Sasebo looking outwardly little the worse.

A second fact which appears with regard to the torpedo is the infrequency of hits, even when attacking ships which are not in motion. In the first and most successful Port Arthur attack the Japanese destroyers slowed to five or six knots and closed to within a short distance of their enemy, but of their twenty-three torpedoes only three made hits. In the other attacks on the Port Arthur ships they do not appear to have scored any successes, for though there were reports at the time that several Russian ships had been hit, these do not seem to have been true. On the night of June 23-4, when the whole Russian fleet was outside the harbor, a long series of attacks was delivered by the Japanese torpedo craft, with no result whatever, but on this occasion the Russians are said to have had nets out and to have been covered by a boom. The greatest gallantry and coolness were displayed by the Japanese, so that the failure of the torpedo was not due to any want of courage or skill on their part, and it

remains an almost inexplicable feature of the operations.

Against ships in motion, the generalization still holds good that the torpedo is useless. No hits have been effected during the war, though attacks are said to have been made repeatedly upon the Russian fleet during the battle of August 10; and, after that battle, the Russians report attacks on the *Askold* and *Tzarevitch*. The Vladivostock squadron was also attacked by the Japanese flotilla in June, but again without any result. It looks, then, as though the efficacy of the torpedo had been greatly exaggerated, though the weapon is being so rapidly improved that predictions with regard to its future are dangerous. Its accuracy, range and size are being steadily increased, and in the near future we shall have to reckon with 21-in. and 24-in. torpedoes—21-in. tubes are already being designed for the newest American battleships—the explosion of which in contact with a battleship's hull ought to be deadly. But the bigger and heavier the torpedo grows, the larger the vessels that are specially built to use it must be, and the smaller their number, so that the danger to be apprehended from destroyers and submarines appears to be much less than had been supposed.

If torpedoes have proved comparatively inefficient, far otherwise is it with mines. Before the war mechanical mines were despised by a large school of British naval officers and neglected in the British service, so that it was possible for a British officer to write in 1904 in a Service periodical:

Most foreign nations appear to be ahead of us. . . . I am not aware that we even yet possess a mechanical blockade mine which has got beyond the experimental stage, though I know we have been carrying out spasmodic experiments with them for the last ten years.

As a matter of fact, the British navy had Captain Ottley's mine, which is of a type similar to those used by the Japanese, but the use of these mines in war does not appear to have been thoroughly worked out as it was in Japan. Yet mines in the Far East have done what torpedoes have failed to do, and there is an enormous list of casualties to their credit. On the Russian side, the battleship *Petropavlosk*, the cruiser *Boyarin*, the mine-laying ship *Yenesei*, the gunboats *Bobr*, *Gilyak*, and *Gremiastchi*, and several torpedo boats or destroyers were sunk by Japanese or Russian mines, while the battleships *Pobieda* and *Sevastopol* and the armored cruiser *Bayan* were considerably damaged. On the Japanese side the battleship *Hatsuse*, the coast-defence ship *Hei Yen*, the cruisers *Sai Yen* and *Miyako*, the gunboat *Kaimon*, and the torpedo-boat No. 48, were injured or destroyed by mines, most of them sinking almost instantaneously, while the *Yashima* is reported to have been sunk or damaged. In the case of the *Petropavlosk* and *Hatsuse* the mines which caused the ships' destruction exploded right under the magazines and fired them, whence the terrible consequences of the explosion. The ships were rent in two, and almost every one below perished. The detailed accounts of these two great disasters at once recall the *Maine* catastrophe in 1898, when that American battleship was blown up in Havana harbor, and an American Court of Inquiry found that she had been destroyed by a Spanish mine. It was contended, however, at the time by many expert officers that there was no instance of flame passing upwards through water and steel into the interior of a vessel, and therefore it was declared impossible that she could have been destroyed in this way. But in the light of the *Hatsuse* and *Petropavlosk* affairs, it is now reasonably certain that the Court

of Inquiry was right, and that a mine had been laid under her by some enemy either of Spain or the United States.

As to the reported loss of the *Yashima*, there are no trustworthy particulars, and the very fact that she was lost cannot be said to have been definitely ascertained. But, even if she is ruled out of the list of casualties, the surprising fact remains that more than one-seventh of the battleship force on either side has been destroyed by mines. The mine thus appears to be one of the most serious perils of the future, and its use is certain to spread unless restrained by the laws of war. It is an inhuman weapon, the more so as it is terribly dangerous to neutral shipping, and there are three instances in this war of neutral vessels, plying their lawful trade, having been damaged or sunk by it. In a European struggle the risk to neutrals would be very great indeed, as the volume of traffic passing through the waters which may be sown with mines will be far greater than it was in the Far East. Here it would seem that some international agreement is required, limiting the use of mines to territorial waters, in the interest of all Powers alike. The weak state cannot be allowed, like Russia, to presume upon its weakness, and because it is unable in fair fight to injure its enemy, to attack that enemy in a manner which imperils neutral lives and property.

If the torpedo has been relatively ineffective, it has yet produced a very curious effect on naval actions. All the fighting between large ships in the Far East has been conducted at extreme ranges. The *Asama* destroyed the *Varing* at a distance of 4000 to 7000 yards; in the great action of August the two fleets were never less than 3800 yards apart, and generally 5000 to 8000 yards. As one result of this long-range fighting the 6-in. guns

with which most battleships and cruisers are largely armed have been proved to be almost useless. The heavy guns, 12-in., 10-in., and 8-in., have done all the work. In the light of this fact, it is distressing to reflect that the British Admiralty clung longer than any Power to the 6-in. gun, the demise of which had been foreseen by every intelligent critic, and that England has still eight battleships and eight large armored cruisers completing in which a large number of these guns are mounted. In our very newest battleships and cruisers, however, an immense step forward has been taken which for the first time within living memory gives England ships indisputably superior to anything building for any foreign Power. Her two new battleships will carry nothing smaller than the heavy 9.2-in. gun, and her new cruisers nothing smaller than the 7.5-in. weapon. These two guns are well suited for long-range fighting, and every Power in the world will be compelled to follow in England's steps.

The war has demonstrated conclusively the value of the modern large-size battleship and armored cruiser. The Japanese battleships and cruisers have been continuously employed on difficult service and have taken part in four severe actions, yet in not one single case has disabling injury been inflicted upon any ship by gun-fire in encounters at sea.² The same is true of the Russian battleships. The *Tzarevitch*, in the battle of August, was the target of the whole Japanese fleet, and was hit fifteen times in every part of the ship by 12-in. and 8-in. shells, which might *à priori* have been expected to put her out of action and to wreck her completely. As a matter of fact she lost only four officers and eight men killed and fifty officers and

men wounded out of a crew of about 750, so that her armor gave her men good protection. Of her larger guns, sixteen in all, only two were put out of action. It had been supposed that a single hit below the water-line would destroy even the largest ship; the *Tzarevitch*, however, was struck by a 12-in. shell below her armor, which inflicted very little injury. Her funnels were wrecked and her foremast almost shot away, while the officers and men in her conning-tower were placed *hors de combat* by Japanese shells, one of which killed the Russian admiral. But at the end of the battle the *Tzarevitch* was quite able to defend herself and could steam fourteen knots, though only at a fearful expenditure of coal.

There are no published details of the injuries to the other Russian battleships, but these are not likely to have been more serious than those of the *Tzarevitch*, and not one of the battleships sank. The fighting quality of the large armored ship has thus been decisively proved. Of course, if the Japanese had employed Nelson tactics, they would, after gaining an advantage at long range, have closed in to complete their victory, when the results of their target practice would have been very different. But just when the moment for such action had arrived night came down, and the risks of night action in these days of mines and torpedoes are very great indeed. Hence Admiral Togo, perhaps wisely, drew off, though an English critic may feel that he would have done better, in view of the immense moral effect of the complete destruction of the Russian fleet, to have pressed his advantage to the utmost. It is in the last hour of battle that the fruits of victory are gathered in, and the great leader at sea must be of that temper which "counts nothing

² The destruction of the Russian ships at Port Arthur was effected by high-angle fire, not by normal fire. High-angle fire attacks

battleships where they are weakest, on their thinly-armored decks, and no vessel can resist it.

done while aught remains to do." Had he struck hard and heavily in August the Baltic Fleet would never have sailed, and though he might have lost a ship, it is probable that he would have taken at least one of the enemy's in exchange. The spectacle of this indecisive action makes Nelson's courage and genius in always forcing a close encounter, where he must either have won a complete victory or suffered a complete defeat, ten times more admirable, for Nelson fought, as did Togo, with the certainty that if he were beaten it was the end of his country. But he took risks, and took them with a bold heart, knowing that "nothing great can be achieved without risk."

At the same time, Togo had many difficulties to face. He could not open his attack impetuously, as a fighter would love to do, because the Russians had to be coaxed out and away from Port Arthur. Any premature attack would have led the tortoise to withdraw its head behind the shelter of its cuirass of forts. In the second phase of the battle he may have been prevented from closing as he would have wished by the necessity of keeping his fleet interposed between the Russians and Kiaochau and Vladivostock. In the brilliant action which Admiral Kamimura fought with the Vladivostock cruisers, ulterior purposes once more intervened to prevent the destruction of the Russian squadron. The Admiral was charged with the duty of covering the Straits of Korea, through which it was imperative that none of the Port Arthur fleet should pass. He met the Vladivostock ships, evidently attempting to effect a junction with the Port Arthur fleet, attacked them with the utmost energy, and destroyed their weakest unit, the *Rurik*, inflicting tremendous damage on the *Gromoboi* and *Rossia*, each of which ships is stated by Russian au-

thorities to have lost about 300 men. The Japanese fought with the more fury because of the extreme severity shown by the Vladivostock ships to Japanese and neutral shipping, but when Kamimura may be said to have had the shattered *Gromoboi* and *Rossia* at his mercy he let them go, and broke off the pursuit instead of following them at all costs and sinking them. The undoubted explanation was that he feared to uncover the Straits of Korea, and turned back to meet the Port Arthur fleet. Yet this seems to have been another error, for a pursuit of the battered ships would have placed him in a position to meet any Russian refugees off Vladivostock. The more the history of this war is studied, the more clearly does it appear that it is the first duty of the commander to press the immediate advantage to the utmost, and that the ulterior results are, as a rule, best secured by such a course. "Not victory, but annihilation," is the true aim of naval war.

A fact shown by the fighting has been the necessity of providing protection for all guns. At Chemulpo the *Variag* lost one-third of her crew because her guns were without shields. No one, on the other hand, was injured below the armored deck. In the battle of August 10, the *Askold*, a cruiser of very similar design to the *Variag*, was struck by fourteen shells, mostly of large calibre. She leaked heavily after the battle, but her loss of life was small, as her guns were protected by shields. Her funnels were damaged, one of them having been shot away, and another badly injured; two heavy shells struck her below the water-line, making large holes in her side, but they did not pierce the armor deck or cause very serious damage, beyond admitting a considerable quantity of water. Her speed fell to twelve knots from a nominal twenty-three, but externally the amount of water in her hull did

not change her appearance or perceptibly alter her trim. A French critic believes that there was some defect in the Japanese shells, since, as he says, "they did not open enormous holes or destroy the decks, as do mellite shells." Certainly, if the Japanese projectiles were a fair specimen of the shells used by European artillerymen—and it is probable, notwithstanding the French criticism, that they were—the destructive power of modern ordnance has been greatly exaggerated.

One cause of the Japanese successes in the earlier period of the war was the excellence of the telescopic sights provided. The Russian fleet at Port Arthur is stated, rightly or wrongly, to have been equipped with very inferior sights; indeed, some authorities have declared that there were no telescopic sights at all. Remembering certain incidents which have occurred in the British navy, this is not incredible. Our own sights in many of our ships are inaccurate or fitted with telescopes of too low power to be thoroughly satisfactory, and it is not very pleasant to read in a Service journal that within the past few weeks the gun-sights of most of the Home Fleet battleships have been found to be defective. In the battle of August the Port Arthur fleet made better shooting, hitting the *Mikasa* repeatedly, and this is probably to be ascribed to the fact that the guns had then been fitted with the latest and best sights, which had been thoroughly

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tested in actions with the Japanese siege artillery before Port Arthur.

Generally speaking, the lessons of the war confirm predictions, except with regard to the deadliness of the torpedo and mine and the efficacy of modern artillery. The immense value of the large battleship and armored cruiser has been again and again demonstrated. Small craft can effect nothing without their support, and are further liable to lose their speed in continuous service. The wear and tear of warships has been proved to be very serious, and to increase as the size of the vessel decreases. A large margin must be allowed in any fleet which means to take the offensive for mishaps due to mines and collisions. The effect of the war on the navies of the world will inevitably be to stimulate the construction of battleships and large armored cruisers, and to increase the attention already given to organization. Success has been proved to depend on three things: being ready first, the possession of a *personnel* trained for war and not merely practised in inane peace evolutions, and a good material. Pushing the analysis a point further, it is clear that the *personnel*, or the quality of the general staff, is the final determinant of victory. A good general staff will provide good ships and be ready in time; the best ships will be useless weapons if the men who have to work and fight them are unready or ill-trained when the day of battle comes.

H. W. Wilson.

ROBERT BROWNING AND ALFRED DOMETT.

"What's become of Waring?" asked Browning, over sixty years ago; and in a different sense the question may be repeated to-day, for assuredly Alfred Domett, "a good man and true," as

Tennyson called him, was far too able, loving and interesting a man for the world to be justly allowed to forget him. For nearly fifty years he was Browning's friend. In the spring of

1842 he sailed for New Zealand, to the eighteen-months-old settlement of Nelson; and three years later his old friend, Joseph Arnould—afterwards Sir Joseph, and a judge at Bombay—wrote, "I never knew an absent person so uniformly and universally well and kindly spoken of, so gladly remembered, so sadly regretted." But within three weeks of the departure of the "very fast sailing-vessel," *Sir Charles Forbes*, which bore Domett to the Antipodes, Browning sat down to write by the next vessel with almost womanly tenderness of his sincere love for Domett, stronger love than he had deemed himself capable of. He was then aged thirty, and Domett was one year his senior. Surely a man so winning and so loved by a great poet is not lightly to be forgotten. Browning certainly did not forget him. Until his marriage in 1846 he was a regular correspondent; letter followed letter every three or six months, and a continuous little group of fourteen remains which Domett treasured as carefully as he treasured the first editions of his friend's works. These letters abound in expressions of affection; and with them, from time to time, went various books. The letter of May, 1842, was accompanied by Domett's copy of *Sordello* which he had lent Browning before he sailed. In midsummer the two volumes of Tennyson's new poems, strongly bound in Russia leather "to stand wear and tear," were sent, and with them a letter containing some interesting criticism; in autumn, there was a Review with the latest article on Tennyson's new volumes, by Leigh Hunt, and another on Browning himself, by "Orion" Horne. The December letter had as companion a smaller but more interesting volume; it was the thin paper-covered booklet, closely printed in double columns, *Bells and Pomegranates*, Part III. This Domett read amid surroundings such as he

himself described in his letters home—the fern hills, the goose-besprinkled green, the lounging shooting-jacket existence; Mrs. Reay's æsthetic tea; Miss Essex's piano [possibly the only one then in Nelson!]; the droppers-in from the country; the brandy-and-whistcum-sugar evenings, and that almost inevitable "general tinge of genteel blackguardism" which might be expected in a settlement not yet three years old. Amid such surroundings Domett first read the "Pied Piper," "My Last Duchess," the splendid "Count Gismond," and the fragmentary "Artemis Prologuizes," which Matthew Arnold so much admired. In the middle of the booklet he came upon "Waring," and read in verse what was expressed with equal emphasis in the letter which accompanied the poem:—

Meantime, how much I loved him,
I find out now I've lost him:
I, who cared not if I moved him,
Who could so carelessly accost him,
Henceforth never shall get free
Of his ghostly company,

Oh, could I have him back once more,
This Waring, but one half-day more!

Thirty years later Domett wrote in his diary:—

Who first gave currency to the idea of identifying the imaginary Waring with myself, I have not the slightest notion. True, the idea of inventing adventures for a youth who had left his companions rather suddenly to go abroad may have been suggested to Browning by my having done so; and some or most of the slight particulars in the earlier part of the poem are descriptive of the circumstances under which I left England. Browning in composing his imaginary picture just availed himself of such real incidents as came his way and suited his purpose, as, I suppose, every artist does.

That the Waring of the poem should no more be identified with Domett than

the "Lost Leader" should be identified with Wordsworth, is of course evident; but neither Domett nor his friends had any difficulty in tracing the original of the imaginary being, nor in seeing how heart-felt were Browning's words, since Arnould at once wrote to New Zealand that the poem "delighted us all very much, for we recognized in it a fancy portrait of a very dear friend."¹ Fact and fancy, indeed, are freely mingled. The secrecy of Waring's departure, for instance, had no counterpart in reality, and though a parting supper was held, it took place not in the "snowiest of all December," but in the last week of April, 1842. Browning was present, so was Arnould and the Dowsons, and almost certainly the Youngs, the Oldfields and others of what the friends termed "the set." That Peckham curiosity, Thos. Powell, was also there, it would appear—the man to whose home Wordsworth came as godfather to one of the boys, the man on whose piano Browning used to play, whose scalloped oysters he used to enjoy, whose poor verses he used to correct, and to whom, six months after the supper, he sent a copy of the Waring number of the *Bells and Pomegranates*, inscribed, "T. Powell, from his affectionate friend, Robert Browning." Two years later they had parted company; and in 1846 Browning is found writing of the "unimaginable, impudent, vulgar stupidity" of "poor gross stupid Powell," who somewhat later had to quit the country precipitately,² after being "repudiated for ever," as Horne expressed it, by those in whose society he had for a time mingled. In

¹ When Domett saw Browning's early friend, Richard Hengist Horne, in 1877, the latter remarked that while he was in Australia "they called me Browning's Waring, but I told them it was Domett." Domett replied, "It was a fancy character, and he was welcome to the honor, if it were such, of being the original, but that Browning, I was sure, would not have alluded to his poetical productions as mere 'hedge-side chance-blades,' for he

America he issued that utterly unscrupulous volume, *The Living Authors of England* (1849), in which he made all the capital he possibly could out of such intercourse as he had enjoyed with literary society in London. He claimed to be, and perhaps we can believe him in this,

the new prose-poet,
That wrote the book there, on the
shelf—

for whose arm Browning describes himself as leaving that of Domett.

Domett of course resembled Waring in that he was a poet. Tennyson, to whom in 1884 Sir Henry Parkes introduced him, and with whom he stayed at Blackdown, remarked concerning Domett's longest poem, "your friend only wants limitations to be a very considerable poet." Besides the *Poems* of 1833, and the *Venice* of 1839, he had, before leaving for New Zealand, published in *Blackwood* sundry "hedge-side chance-blades," as Browning terms them. Of the first of these, "A Glee for Winter," Christopher North wrote most cordially, and spoke of the author as fine-hearted "Alfred Domett . . . a new name to our old ears; but he has the prime virtue of a song-writer—a heart," and the "Christmas Hymn" he did not hesitate to compare favorably with that of Milton. Longfellow noticed this hymn in *Blackwood*, and admired it so much that he reprinted it in 1845 in a little volume called *The Wail*. More than thirty years later he wrote to Domett, "I have lost none of my old admiration; I have just read it over again and think it equally

had written 'Cosmo' and the 'Death of Marlowe,' etc., etc., before that." Part II. of the poem is, of course, purely imaginative.

² In 1883 Browning, who had "found him out earlier than most of his dupes," described Powell as a "forger who only escaped transportation through the ill-deserved kindness of his employers." Browning's Pisa edition of the "Adonais," borrowed by Powell, was sold by him, it is said, for fifty guineas.

beautiful in conception and execution." Year after year the Hymn was regularly printed each Christmas in a score of the leading American papers; and in 1883 Domett was both surprised and pleased to hear that over thirteen hundred competitors had sent in designs for a prize of 3,000 dollars offered by Messrs. Harper for the best illustrations by an American artist of his poem.

These details are amply sufficient to indicate that "Waring" is, in several essential respects, true to fact. The interest of the poem, however, is by no means limited to the light it casts upon the life and character of Domett; it is equally a revelation of the heart and character of Browning. The words he soon afterwards wrote to Miss Barrett cannot, of course, be accepted quite literally: "What I have printed gives no knowledge of me—it evidences abilities of various kinds, if you will—and a dramatic sympathy with certain modifications of passion . . . *that*, I think. But I never have begun even what I hope I was born to begin and end,—'R. B., a poem.'" The love which finds dramatic expression in "Waring" was as sincere as that which afterwards found lyrical utterance in "One Word More," and the reflections upon the life of the day contained in "Waring" must be accepted with equal literalness; they came deep from the heart of the poet, exactly as did the utter scorn which breathes in the concluding lines of "The Englishman in Italy":—

Fortū, in my England at home,

Men meet gravely to-day

And debate, if abolishing Corn-laws

Is righteous and wise

—If 'tis proper, Scirocco should vanish

In black from the skies?

Browning's friend, the Rev. W. Johnson Fox, it will be remembered, was one of the leading champions in the Corn-law repeal, and great was the

glee in which Browning wrote to New Zealand after reading in the *Times* of July 12th, 1842, that so staunch a Tory as another of his friends, Sir John Hanmer, M.P.—a fellow Moxonian poet—had actually risen in the House and "professed he had altered his opinions upon the Corn Question." Browning and most of his early friends were Liberals, even Radicals. Arnould was soon to be writing leaders in the *Daily News* on Law Reform and University Reform, and also contributing to a "weekly ultra-Radical print, the *Weekly News and Chronicle*," as he sent word to New Zealand. They all seem to have shared in the feeling expressed in the opening words of Carlyle's *Past and Present* (1843): "England is dying of inanition," and to have looked forward eagerly to stirring words from the pen of the always independent-minded Domett. To select but one passage from a letter written by Arnould in 1842:—

Society is heartless, unbelieving, half dead, paralysed by selfishness—with no one idea or noble purpose to animate it, but an aggregate of self-seeking units bound together only by a fellowship of mutual pelf. You, I am sure, as much as any one, have felt the wants and miseries of your time. You have mixed with men of all kinds, you have an open heart and a penetrating eye, you have abundant leisure and time, why not set earnestly about a great work of this kind?

The vessel which bore this prose appeal from Arnould was that which also carried the printed verse of Browning:—

Contrive, contrive

To rouse us, Waring! Who's alive?

Our men scarce seem in earnest now:

Distinguished names!—but 'tis, somehow,

As if they played at being names

Still more distinguished, like the games

Of children. Turn our sport to earnest

With a visage of the sternest!
Bring the real times back, confessed
Still better than our very best!

Whence did Browning, it has often been asked, take the name of Waring? In the spring of 1834, during a visit to Russia, he met a King's Messenger who was called by that name, and it is not without interest to notice that the fact that he had met the original Waring in Russia afterwards led him, in writing his poem, to introduce the passage in which the imaginary Waring is supposed to wander thither:—

Waring, in Moscow, to those rough
Cold northern natures borne, perhaps.

Life in a newly-established settlement has inevitably many drawbacks, even should one be destined to be "the strong clearer of forests, the hard-handed 'Leather-stocking' of unborn races," as a letter to Domett expresses it. But there was much in addition of a purely personal nature to cast a gloom over Domett's early days at Nelson. He had gone out to join his cousin Wm. Curling Young, son of one of the directors of the New Zealand Company.³ He arrived to find him dead, drowned while surveying. He himself, soon after his arrival, when leaping from the high bank of a stream, jumped short into the water amid the merry laughter of his companions. A second attempt was more successful, but a crack was heard, Domett's leg was broken, and permanent lameness was feared. This accident, however, possibly saved that life, for a dispute having arisen between the settlers and the Maoris as to the possession of some lands in the Wairau Valley, near Nelson, the chief Rauparaha burned to the ground the reed-

hut of the English surveyor. A party of some fifty Europeans promptly set forth to arrest the daring chieftain, a conflict ensued, thirteen of the party were slain, and nine others, taken prisoners, were slaughtered by the Maoris. Among the dead was Captain Arthur Wakefield, brother of the famous Edward Gibbon Wakefield; he was the founder of Nelson, a man for whom Domett had a tender and reverent regard, and of whom he wrote, "He was by nature cut out for the founder of a colony and for a leader of men." Domett's accident alone prevented him from being present at this "massacre" of June 17th, 1843. Events such as these, and subsequent dissatisfaction with official incompetence in high places, turned the thoughts of Domett to coffee planting in Ceylon, where he had relatives. His friends in England urged him rather to return. Joseph Arnould, then a hard-working and rising barrister who had been called to the Bar about the same time as Domett, wrote to offer him his spare room and the use of his chambers in the Temple should he desire to resume the Law. Browning, in the last words he wrote to New Zealand before his marriage in 1846, sent an invitation from his mother, his sister and himself to Domett to return and take up his abode with them at Hatcham, as Domett's old home had been broken up. In the previous year when Browning and others had been helping the dying Hood in his final brave struggle by contributing to *Hood's Magazine*, he had also written to Domett to encourage him in his adversity. Under the circumstances Hood's "Last Man" not unnaturally came into his mind, and he therefore adapted the tenth stanza to the occasion:—

³ Young was well known to Browning. Alexander Nairne, another of Domett's relatives, and father of General Nairne, was also a director. William Curling Young's brother, Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G., has been,

during his long and distinguished life, intimately associated with the Colonies, and has been an enthusiastic pioneer in the great cause of Imperial Federation.

Come, let us pledge each other
 For all the wide world is dead beside,
 And we are brother and brother—
 I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
 As if we had come of one mother.

He begged Domett that if ever the worst should befall he would return and keep house with him after the grim fashion of these two solitary survivors of the human race.

The cordiality of this invitation is the more remarkable, as the letter containing it was written just about a month after Browning had become formally engaged to Miss Barrett. He wrote to her that very evening, Sunday, November 23rd, 1845, and the first words of his letter are, "But a word to-night, my love—for my head aches a little,—I had to write a long letter to my friend at New Zealand." One wonders if he afterwards told her what he had written! But Miss Barrett's keen sense of humor would in any case have saved the situation; the conditions required for the suggested housekeeping effectually eliminated her; and her delightful love of teasing would have found full scope in questions as to whether it was Browning's intention that Domett or himself should share the fate Hood assigns to the Last-man-but-one.

Domett, however, came steadily to the front in New Zealand, as his friends had confidently predicted he would. He was at once sent to Auckland with a Mr. Munro to defend the action of the settlers in regard to the "massacre." His contributions to the *Nelson Examiner*, both in prose and verse, served to place this paper in the forefront of Colonial Journals, so that Arnould, after reading them, could truthfully write, "Your powers have been called out; you are known to be—why disguise it?—the ablest thinker in the Colony." Browning's appreciation was equally warm, and Forster, to whom he showed some of the articles,

thought so highly of them that had circumstances been more propitious he would probably have appointed Domett correspondent to that new journalistic enterprise the *Daily News*, which started early in 1846, amid a flourish of trumpets, under the three weeks' editorship of Dickens. Arnould jokingly looked forward to the day when Domett should become "Lord Chief Justice of the Anthropophagi; or Colonel of the Seventh Cannibals, or Emperor of the South Island." As a matter of fact within four years and a half of his arrival he was described as the "chosen friend and associate" of Governor Grey; soon afterwards letters were being addressed to him as Colonial Secretary, and he eventually rose to be Prime Minister. When he was about to leave for England in 1871, Sir George Grey, who had then twice served as Governor, and who had known him for five-and-twenty years, wrote sadly, "I do not like to write to you or about you, for it makes me anxious to see you, and melancholy. Do make haste and come back again." And he signed himself, "Affectionately Yours."

Despite the manifold claims of his work as pioneer, politician and Colonial administrator, Domett did not lose touch with pure literature. He was collecting material for and gradually writing his New Zealand epic, *Ranolf and Amohia* (published 1872), and has left a peculiar and interesting memorial of his literary bias in Hawke's Bay province. Tennyson was interested to hear from Domett that the latter had named a lake after him, and one day Domett reminded Browning that when he was Commissioner of Crown Lands for Hawke's Bay—a province of which he had virtually for some years the sole official management—he had laid out the town of Napier and had "named a principal street, half a mile long,

Tennyson Street; another, by the way, after Carlyle; and another after yourself," so that, he added, humorously, the names of Tennyson and Browning "are constantly appearing in their newspapers at the end of advertisements of tea, sugar and candles, and all sorts of vulgar and unpoetical commodities."

After Browning's marriage, in 1846, the correspondence between him and Domett seems to have ceased, but their mutual friend Arnould became a medium of communication; Arnould having been sufficiently intimate with Browning to be appointed one of his two trustees. Thus in February, 1848, Arnould sends word that Browning "writes always most affectionately and never forgets kind enquiries about and kind messages to you." Nearly four years later, at the end of 1851, after Browning's visit to England, Arnould writes, "He is *absolutely* the same man." In 1855 there came a more direct message. In that year Browning published in two volumes his *Men and Women*. The volumes fell into Domett's hands at Napier, just about the time he was laying out that town, and as he turned the leaves of the second volume, he came upon a poem telling of a visit made by Browning and his wife some years before to the church of S. Agostino at Fano, near Ancona, to see a picture by Guercino. He had read to the end of "The Guardian Angel," in spite of a previous mention of "Alfred, dear friend!" be-

fore he realized that he himself was included in the trio, of whom the other two were Robert Browning and his wife. "My love [E.B.B.] is here," says the close of the poem,—

Where are you dear old friend?
How rolls the Wairoa* at your world's
far end?

This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

The fourth stanza of "The Guardian Angel" speaks, it may be mentioned, of those nervous headaches which so much troubled Browning during his early manhood, and an earlier poem,⁴ not usually associated with Domett, not only contains a reference to these headaches, but to the friend who had so warmly championed his cause when a hostile critic had ventured to lay ruthless hands on "Pippa Passes"—

I've a Friend, over the sea;
I like him, but he loves me;
It all grew out of the books I write;
They find such favor in his sight
That he slaughters you with savage
looks

Because you don't admire my books:
He does himself, though,—and if some
vein

Were to snap to-night in this heavy
brain,

To-morrow month, if I lived to try,
Round should I just turn quietly,
Or out of the bedclothes stretch my
hand,

Till I found him, come from his foreign
land

To be my nurse.

This is another "fancy portrait," so far based on fact that Browning in all

⁴ Some confusion has arisen as to the river referred to. It is, however, *absolutely certain* Browning meant that now always called Wairau, that is the river of Cloudy Bay, near Nelson, the river of the massacre of June 1843. In Domett's letters, and in the official documents concerning the massacre published in the New Zealand Company's Twelfth Report (Section H.), the name is spelled Wairoa by Colonel Wakefield, by Governor Shortland, and by Domett. On the other hand, in the "Times" report of December, 1843, the spelling Wairau is used. Hence confusion has arisen, which has been added to by the

fact that in Hawke's Bay province, *afterwards* associated with Domett, is another Wairoa—so called to this day—while still another exists further north. The "Guardian Angel" was, indeed, published when Domett, unknown to Browning, happened to be in Napier, but it was *written* years before he went there, and Browning used the spelling familiar to him from the first news of the massacre—an event he could never forget in thinking of his friend.

⁵ "Time's Revenges," 1845: "Pippa" had appeared in 1841.

the letters of this period is continually referring to this "restive ill-conditioned head of mine," and writing in such a strain as: "I have had a constant pain in my head for these two months, only rough exercise gets rid of it." Thirty years later Domett wrote in his Diary with regard to these headaches and the "rough exercise"—

He [Browning] says he was much subject to headaches when young, but now never has one, nor has had for years, and would think himself ill indeed if he had. When young he was pale, thin and rather delicate looking. [*Diary*, 1875.]

"As I ride" was composed on horseback. I remember about that time Browning, who in his young days looked delicate in health (nothing like so strong and sturdy as he looks now), had been ordered to take horse exercise, so was riding every day. [*Diary*, 1873.]

It is the more needful to bear these facts in mind, as a wrong impression was undoubtedly often made upon those who only knew Browning in later life. Mr. Gosse, for instance, has thus recorded his impressions in his *Personalities* (p. 78):—

It is a singular fact that he who felt so keenly for human suffering had scarcely known by experience what physical pain was. . . . I recollect his giving a picturesque account of a headache he suffered from once in St. Petersburg, about the year 1834! Who amongst us is fortunate enough to remember his individual headaches?

In a letter of 1841, indeed, Browning is found apologizing to Laman Blanchard for not having written sooner "on the score of my having just got up from a very sick bed indeed, where a fortnight's brain and liver fever has reduced me to the shade of a shade. I shall gather strength, I hope, this fine weather." Towards the close of this

letter, after inviting Blanchard to pay him a visit at New Cross, Browning adds, "I say in a week or two, because, at present, I can hardly crawl, and could barely shake your hand." There may be a touch of unintentional exaggeration in this expression of weakness, due to the fact that Browning was undoubtedly inclined to chafe at the restraint of the sick room; but it is quite clear from this and from many other letters that he knew by personal experience in earlier days what occasional illness and a sick-room meant.

Somewhat later the correspondence between Arnould and Domett flagged, and for two years Arnould's letters were unanswered. He was then Sir Joseph Arnould, an Indian judge, writing from the High Court House in Bombay; at last he became so anxious that he felt impelled to address a letter of enquiry to the Postmaster-General of New Zealand. His next letter to Domett contains a humorous apology. "To a late Prime Minister of the Colony it must have seemed exquisitely absurd that I should have been driven to take the step I did . . . but I knew no better way of obtaining information." With Browning Arnould corresponded until Mrs. Browning's death, in 1861, an event which, it would seem, led Domett to write a letter of sympathy. To this letter he had no answer. Then came news of Browning's return to England, of his growing fame, and that he was moving in the highest society. Arnould had sent word from Bombay that "An old friend writes, he is in all the grand houses in London and made a god of." Domett evidently felt hurt. Browning, apparently, had forgotten his old friend among the grand folk! He con-

* "*Poetical Works of Laman Blanchard*," 1876, pp. 6-8. Oddly enough, Browning absent-mindedly dated this letter April 31, instead of May 1, 1841.

sulted Arnould, told him of the unanswered letter, of his proposed return to England, and of his doubts as to his reception by Browning. Arnould, who was himself soon to retire from India, and live with his second wife at Naples on some £2,000 a year arising from his pension and investments, promptly and chivalrously replied :—

I feel sure that Browning could never have received the letter you spoke of: had he done so he would have answered it. He may be, I believe is, in high, the best, of London society—but he has not and never had any of the English hard and brusque arrogance about him, on the contrary was Italian and diplomatic in his courtesousness. Till his wife's death we used to correspond, since then it has dropped, but quite as much through my fault as his. I am sure you will find he will be delighted to see you when you go back.⁷

As Arnould prophesied, so it was. Travelling homeward by way of San Francisco, Domett found his way, soon after his arrival in London, to Warwick Crescent. Browning was not at home, but Miss Browning, the poet's sister, was. "So I sent up a card," says the Diary, "and presently heard an emphatic exclamation, 'Mr. Domett!' and met Miss Browning coming down. Warm welcome followed in Miss Sarianna's old frank and slightly energetic style." Just thirty years had elapsed since they parted in 1842. How cordial and sincere the welcome would be, all who had the privilege of knowing Miss Browning can readily imagine. Next day two notes arrived. One was from Miss Browning, asking Domett to lunch, as her brother was engaged every evening during the coming week. The other was from Brown-

ing. He *had* received the unanswered letter, but it had been something far other than snobbishness which had kept him from replying. His letter ran :—

Dear Domett,

How very happy I am that I shall see you again! I never could bear to answer the letter you wrote to me years ago, though I carried it always about with me abroad in order to muster up courage some day which never came; it was too hard to begin and end with all that happened during the last thirty years. But come, and let us begin all over again. My sister tells me how your coming may be managed most easily.

Ever affectionately yours,

March 1, 1872. *Robert Browning.*

They met on March 4th. The old intimacy was renewed, and from 1872 till 1885 Alfred Domett kept a diary in which he recorded his conversations with Browning and his sister, gave accounts of various celebrities with whom he came in contact, and also incorporated from earlier diaries occasional reminiscences. These manuscripts contain a number of notes upon Browning's later poems made at the time of their appearance, together with records of occasional discussion and frank criticism; but as my present purpose is rather a personal account of what relates to earlier days, I may select the following brief picture of the household to which Domett had been so cordially invited some sixty years ago, when he was suffering from bad potato crops and other woes in New Zealand :—

I remembered their mother about forty years before, who had, I used to think, the *squarest* head and forehead I al-

liking for the best society, I think he is quite in the right of it; the highest society, take it all in all, is the best; it is a great comfort in life to have to do with well-bred people, gentlemen and gentlewomen."

⁷ The first part of the letter is missing, but the date is early in March, 1867. Arnould left India for Naples, where his second wife had lived for several years, in May, 1869; Domett left New Zealand late in 1871. In a later letter (Dec., 1872), Arnould says: "As for Browning's

most ever saw in a human being, putting me in mind, absurdly enough no doubt, of a tea-chest or tea-caddy. I recollect that she was proud of her son; and how affectionate he was towards her. On one occasion in the act of tossing a little roll of music from the table to the piano, he thought it had touched her head in passing her, and I remember how he ran to her to apologize and caress her, though I think she had not felt it. His father, of whom I did not see much, seemed in my recollection what I should be inclined to call a dry-as-dust undersized man, rather reserved, fond particularly of old engravings, of which I believe he had a choice collection; he used to speak of his son as "beyond him," alluding to his *Paracelsuses* and *Sordellos*: though, I fancy he altered his tone on this subject very much at a later period. Altogether, father, mother, and only son and only daughter formed a most united, harmonious and intellectual family, as appeared to me.

But the reminiscences in the Diary go back to earlier times than these, for two of Domett's brothers were at school with Browning at the academy of the Rev. Thos. Ready, at Peckham; they were not, however, classmates, for John Domett was six and Edward Domett four years Browning's senior. A cousin of Domett was at the same school, and the Diary speaks of a fourth schoolfellow, described by Browning as being "one of the cleverest boys he had ever known." The clever boy, however, grew up to be one who "could do so many things well, but nothing well enough." He was a William Shakespeare Williams and claimed—how, it is not explained—to be descended from the poet whose name he bore. "I told Browning," runs the diary in 1873, in making mention of the school,

of my still living eldest brother's recollection of him there. He [*i.e.*, John Domett, Secretary of the Local Marine Board] was one of the big boys at the

time, but certainly not one of the bullying ones. My brother says he well remembers young Browning in a pinafore of brown Holland, such as small boys used to wear in those days, for he was always neat in his dress,—and how they used to pit him against much older and bigger boys in a chaffing match to amuse themselves with "the little bright-eyed fellow's" readiness and acuteness at repartee.

Browning's father, as is well known, had a remarkable power of rapidly sketching grotesque faces and caricatures. It seems that, as a boy, Browning exhibited something of the same skill, for Domett's cousin, Robert Curling—afterwards a solicitor—well remembered him at school and recalled the fact "that he was fond of making pen-and-ink caricatures, which he did very cleverly." Domett mentioned this to Browning, who said "He remembered it, and that he had always envied the life of an artist—*i.e.*, a painter."

During the course of these conversations Browning himself contributed some interesting memories.

He says they taught him nothing there, and that he was bullied by the big boys. When first there, at eight or nine years of age, he says he made a copy of verses, which he remembered to this day—and "great *bosh* they were!"—intended to ingratiate himself with the master, a Mr. Ready. He quoted the two concluding lines, which ran thus:—

We boys are privates in our Regiment's ranks—

'Tis to our Captain that we all owe thanks,

—a compliment to the master which got him favored in his school exercises for some time, and enabled him to play with impunity little impudent tricks, such as shutting the master's lexicon when his head was turned away while "hearing" his class, to give him the trouble of hunting up a word again, which would have immediately procured any other boy a box on the ear.

Browning's verses on his schoolmaster were not always equally complimentary. In 1833 he added at the end of a note he was sending to Mr. W. J. Fox, an "impromptu" he had made "on hearing a sermon by the Rev. T[homas] R[eady] pronounced 'heavy,'"—

A heavy sermon—sure the error's great
For not a word Tom uttered *had its weight*.

The old school, then considered one of the best in South London, is now pulled down, but with the help of the rate-books and the local authorities it has been found possible to discover the site. In the Domett family a tradition ran that this was the school "at which Goldsmith was an usher, the wretchedness of which position he has put upon lasting record." This seems to be the fact, although Miss Browning, when the matter was mentioned to her, declared that the tradition had not until then reached her ears. In the early days of his acquaintance with Browning, doubtless during a walk from Camberwell to New Cross, in the course of which they would pass the spot, Domett mentions that—

as we passed the wall of the playground, I think, over which was seen a green-house, Browning made some remark expressive of the disgust with which he always thought of the place, and added, "I made an epigram one day upon it." As far as I remember it was to the following effect—the last line I *know* word for word,—

Within these walls and near that house
of glass,
Did I three [?] * years of hapless childhood pass.
D—d undiluted misery it was!

(This last in a suddenly deepened tone.) He said he well remembered my other brother Edward [who died, aged

* The ? is Domett's own. Five years would be more exact.

23] with his love for ships and predilection for a sailor's life, and how he had taught him (B.) the proper pronunciation of the word "bow" of a ship.

Domett himself was at school at Stockwell Park, and his memories of school-days somewhat resemble those of Browning. After his return from New Zealand he revisited the site of his former school—an old country-house in a park—and in noting the changes during fifty years, adds the words, "I loathe the recollection of my earlier school-days there, though there used to be some fun too now and then." He left school in 1827, and passed to Cambridge. Domett was not, as Mrs. Orr in her not wholly reliable biography of the poet declares, a friend of Browning from boyhood. It is true, as she says, that "the families of Joseph Arnould and Alfred Domett both lived at Camberwell," the home of the Dometts being, indeed, in Camberwell Grove, which, in spite of all changes in the neighborhood, still retains its woodland character; but it is not true that either Arnould or Domett was known to Browning "before the publication of *Pauline*," in 1833. Nor was Mrs. Orr correct in saying that Domett's father was "one of Nelson's captains." One member of the family, Admiral Sir Wm. Domett, K.C.B., was not only one of Nelson's captains, but a friend of the great commander: but Domett's father, who ran away to sea, left the Navy in 1781, immediately after the battle of the Doggerbank, at which he was present as a midshipman. He then entered the merchant service, married the daughter of a ship-owner, and became a ship-owner himself. Such details have a bearing upon the life of Browning, for it is noticeable how many of his early friends were connected with the sea. Christopher Dowson—"dear Chris. Dowson," passionately fond of the theatre, with his pretty cottage at

Woodford, where Browning and Miss Browning, Arnould and others visited him: "poor Chris. Dowson," as he is called in the later days of his sorrow, was connected with shipping, and used to call and tell Browning when a ship was about to sail New Zealand-wards to Domett. Then there is "the familiar figure" of Captain Lloyd, whose unexpected arrival at Hatcham one morning broke in upon the first inspiration of "The Flight of the Duchess" and changed the whole course of that poem. Domett's cousins, the Youngs, again, were ship-builders, as were the Curlings. But Captain Pritchard, an old and intimate friend of the Browning family,⁹ seems to be the most important member, biographically speaking, of this group. He certainly knew the Brownings by 1828, when the poet was sixteen, and it was through him that Browning attended some of the lectures at Guy's of the celebrated Dr. James Blundell, Captain Pritchard's cousin, who lived in Piccadilly and died worth some £350,000. Dr. Blundell's nephew, Bezer Blundell, "a Grandson in a lawyer's office—a possible Sidney trying to squeeze himself into the clothes of an attorney," is one of the interesting figures in the previously-mentioned "set" with which Browning mingled. It seems most probable, although it cannot be stated with absolute certainty, that it was through "dear old Pritchard" that Browning became acquainted with the whole of the Dowson-Domett circle, the friendship with the Dowsons having preceded by some years that with Domett.

In his Diary Domett speaks in 1878 of remembering Browning's mother

⁹ The gold watch, for instance, always worn by Miss Browning, was the gift of this friend.

¹⁰ Mrs. Orr ["Life," p. 66] says: "This winter of 1834-5 witnessed the birth, perhaps also the distinction, of an amateur periodical, established by some of Mr. Browning's friends; foremost among these the young

"about 40 years before (say 1838)"; but no real intimacy seems to have existed until at least 1840, when Browning was 28 and Domett 29. The acquaintance with Arnould arose out of that with Domett. In 1839 Domett issued, as a little paper-covered pamphlet, his poem *Venice*, and it seems probable that this was the means of bringing him into touch with Browning, who, during the previous year, had made his first visit to Italy for *Sordello*, and had returned full of enthusiasm for the island city, a description of which, it will be remembered, he introduced towards the end of Book III. of his poem. Christopher Dowson and Browning were old friends: Browning had been concerned with the Dowsons in 1834-5 in producing an amateur periodical—*Olla Podrida*.¹⁰ Now Chris. Dowson had in 1836 married Mary Domett, Alfred's sister, and presumably gave Browning a copy of his brother-in-law's poem. That Browning had not long known Domett when *Sordello* appeared is clear, for in writing to him on March 25, 1840, and alluding to his apostrophes to Landor and Miss Fanny Haworth ("Eyebright") in Book III., he declared that the author of *Venice* should also have been alluded to as a matter of course, had he known him earlier. In the same letter he mentions that he is about to consult Dowson before inviting Domett to come over to Southampton Street—for the Brownings were still living at Camberwell—for an informal meal. This seems to make clear both the source and the extent of the intimacy in March, 1840.

Sordello was thus advertised for the first time in the *Athenæum* of February

Dowsons. . . . The magazine was called "The Trifler," and published in monthly numbers of about 10 pages each." The name of the magazine, for which Browning also wrote, was, I am informed by Sir Frederick Young, who well remembers it, not "The Trifler" but "Olla Podrida."

29th, 1840—"Price 6s. 6d. boards: *Sordello*, a Poem by Robert Browning," and the first letter from Browning to Domett was sent with a presentation copy of this little volume with its blue paper covers and tawny unlettered back. As indicative of the early stage of the friendship, the title-page bore the formal inscription, "Alfred Domett, Esq., with R. B.'s best regards." The accompanying letter, consisting simply of two sentences, was undated, except for the enigmatical words, "Saturday night, St. Perpetua's Day!" Truly, a *Sordello*-like inscription; but like many other *Sordello* puzzles, easy of solution; for St. Perpetua's Day, as the almanac explains, is March 7th, which in 1840 fell on a Saturday. But the question still remains as to why Browning should speak at all of so unusual a Saint. The reason, however, is simple. The Rev. W. Johnson Fox, Browning's "literary father," had written the first cordial review he ever received, that on *Pauline*, in 1833; and in expressing his thanks Browning declared, "I shall never write a line without thinking of the source of my first praise." In 1835 *Paracelsus* also was welcomed by Mr. Fox, who soon afterwards introduced, at his own home, Browning and Macready, and thus indirectly contributed to the production of *Strafford*, in 1837. Browning, therefore, of course, at once sent a copy of *Sordello* to Mr. Fox. But with Mr. Fox lived Miss Eliza Flower, who was tenderly attached to Browning, and he to her; indeed, as Mrs. Orr truly says, "If, in spite of his denials, any woman inspired *Pauline*, it can have been no other than she." It is this intimacy which explains the reference to St. Perpetua, for Miss Flower's sister,

Sarah—author of "Nearer My God to Thee"—was at that time at work upon her forthcoming poetical drama, which from the name of the saint with whose life it dealt was called *Vivia Perpetua*.

Such details may seem trivial, but are not wholly so, for although Browning's reply to Miss Eliza Flower's letter of acknowledgment of *Sordello* has been twice reprinted, it has been inevitably misunderstood by both its editors for lack of doing exactly what Browning asked Domett to do with regard to St. Perpetua's day—i.e., consult the almanac. This reply of Browning, as given by Mrs. Orr (*Life*, p. 110), is simply headed, "Monday night, March 9," to which she added the date [? 1841]; Mr. T. J. Wise, to whom students of Browning are in many ways indebted, unfortunately replaced this by [1842].¹¹ The almanac would have informed both editors that it was in 1840 that March 9 fell on a Monday, thus showing that the misunderstood letter distinctly referred to *Sordello*, which had been published only nine days before; and also reminding them of a much more important fact—that the "three plays" Browning alluded to were those mentioned at the end of the *Sordello* volume as "Nearly ready. *Pippa Passes*, *King Victor and King Charles*, *Mansoor the Hierophant*. Dramas by R.B." These plays—the name of the last being changed before publication to *The Return of the Druses*—were therefore sufficiently well in hand to be advertised in February, 1840, although not published till 1841, 1842 and 1843.

It was of *Sordello* that Landor wrote to Forster, "I only wish he (B.) would atticize a little. Few of the Athenians had such a quarry on their property,

¹¹ Mr. Wise also identified the Miss Flower, to whom the letter was addressed, with Miss Sarah Flower, afterwards "Mrs. Adams," as he explains. But, in 1842, she had been married eight years. Mr. Wise's further state-

ment that Mrs. Adams "is supposed to have at least partially inspired 'Pauline,'" is another little slip. He meant, of course, Eliza Flower, the elder sister.

but they constructed better roads for the conveyance of the material." Domett, in writing to thank Browning for the poem, expressed the same view in other words, and even hinted that he considered Browning was being "difficult on system." He had from the first and ever retained a deep admiration for the beauties of the poem, and in the copy which Browning sent him—it lies beside me as I write—the most striking passages are boldly marked in the margin, while a series of cross references and marginal notes forms a kind of analysis or running commentary. Some of these notes, indeed, as the quotation given below from the Diary explains, are in the handwriting of Browning, who, when Domett lent him the volume, was particularly pleased to find that his friend had even copied out on one blank fly-leaf Dante's description of Sordello in the Antepurgatorio, and had himself made his own metrical translation of it on another blank page. The Diary has a somewhat interesting entry in regard to this much-travelled copy of *Sordello*. In March, 1872, immediately after the renewal of the old intimacy, Domett was discussing with Browning some points in connection with the *Toccata of Galuppi's*, and ventured upon a suggestion as to one expression in it. Browning did not at all agree with him. Domett's comment is:—

Browning, I saw, had not lost the good-humored patience with which he could listen to friendly criticism on any of his works. I have proof of this in a copy of the original edition of *Sordello*, which he sent me when it first appeared. The poem is undoubtedly somewhat obscure, though curiously enough much more so in the more "objective" (so to speak) incidents of the story than in its subjective phases, that is in the narrative of the hero's varying moods of mind or the philosophical reflections of the poet. Accordingly, I had scribbled in pencil on the

book two or three impatient remarks, such as "Who says this?" "What does this mean?" &c. Some time after Browning asked me to let him see my copy of the poem, which I lent him. He returned it with two or three pencil notes of his own, answering my questions. But I was amused many years afterwards, in New Zealand, on the appearance of a second edition of *Sordello* [in 1863] to find he had altered, I think, all the passages I had hinted objections to or questioned the meaning of. One instance is curious. Speaking of a picture by Guidone at Siena [*Sordello*, Bk I., 577-583], in the first edition, the poet says:—

A painful birth must be
Matured ere San Eufemio's [*sic*] sacristy
Or transept gather fruits of one great gaze
At the noon-sun: look you! An orange haze—
The same blue stripe round that—and,
i' the midst,
Thy spectral whiteness, mother-maid,
who didst
Pursue the dizzy painter!

I had written carelessly in pencil on the margin "Rather the *moon*, from the description;" and also, "Why cut off the 'n'," against the next line. In the edition of 1863 the passage stands:

Gather fruits of one great gaze—
At the moon: look you! The same orange haze,
The same blue stripe round that—and,
in the midst,
Thy spectral whiteness, Mother-maid.

The alterations here made are, as Domett says, "curious" rather than important, except as indicating that minute attention to detail which marks Browning's revision of his poem when once he had decided that it was inadvisable to attempt, as he had for a time contemplated, to re-write it. The question, however, "Why cut off the 'n'?" in the expression "*i' the midst*," was one which it would have troubled Browning to answer, for he seems to have had no settled convictions in regard to its presence or absence. Some

years ago, on reading through a series of proofs of Browning's poems corrected by himself, then in the possession of Mr. Moncure Conway, one could not but be struck by the fact that the cases in which what had at first been printed as "on" or "in" and was on revision changed to o' or I', were hardly, if at all, more numerous than those in which the shortened form had been replaced by the longer. Presumably the varying emphasis laid by the poet on the words as he read and re-read his lines at various times decided the matter; the usage was certainly no mere mannerism.

The copy of *Sordello* referred to above was that which Browning returned to Domett when he sent to New Zealand the first of the fourteen letters of which mention has been made. These letters are chiefly interesting as affording evidence of Browning's love for his friend. It is often difficult, indeed, to realize that they are written by one man to another. He signs himself as affectionately, at times, as he afterwards did to Miss Barrett; he thinks and talks of his absent friend; he can hardly realize, so near does Domett seem in spirit, that they are severed so far; he longs for a letter; when it comes he is jubilant, but writes eagerly for another. With books, newspapers and reviews he sends scraps of literary gossip and impromptu criticism, but Arnould's letters perhaps excel those of Browning in this respect and in some others. One event of the summer of 1843 is of interest. Browning was then visiting the pretty cottage in Epping Forest where Chris. Dowson and his wife, Domett's sister Mary, spent the summer months. Here he occupied his time in copying his friend's scattered poems from the family albums, and wrote afterwards to New Zealand in hearty praise of them, particularly of "Hougoumont" and "A Glee for Win-

ter." The former poem contrasts the peaceful scene of 1837, with the sight of fruit-trees and daisies, and the sound of bees, doves and skylarks, with the ghastly sights and sounds of the battlefield of 1815:—

Oh God! what are we? Do we then
Form part of this material scene?
Can thirty thousand thinking men
Fall—and but leave the fields more
green?

The "Glee for Winter" is the poem which led Christopher North to declare that Domett had "the prime virtue of a song-writer—a heart."

Hence, rude Winter! crabbed old fellow,
Never merry, never mellow!

Well-a-day! in rain and snow
What will keep one's heart a-glow?
Groups of kinsmen, old and young,
Oldest they old friends among!
Groups of friends, so old and true,
That they seem our kinsmen too!
These all merry all together,
Charm away chill Winter weather!

What will kill this dull old fellow?
Ale that's bright, and wine that's mellow!

Dear old songs for ever new—
Some true love, and laughter too—
Pleasant wit, and harmless fun,
And a dance when day is done!
Music, wit, and wine well plied,
Whispered love by warm fireside,
Mirth at all times all together,
Make sweet May of Winter weather!

The heartfelt character of this lyric sprang from the fact that it was largely a record of the real experiences of Domett's own home. A letter from the sister of Sir Frederick Young thus describes that home: "We can well remember that bright, unconventional, if somewhat rough house in the [Camberwell] Grove, where there was always such a lively atmosphere of freedom, interest and gay fun. We used to go round there whenever we could, when we used so often to stay with our

grandparents at Denmark Hill." This is the house Domett describes in his "Song for a family party" which Browning also copied at Woodford :—

By the house we've often shaken
House where most of us were born—
Where the dance grew wild and
romping
And we've kept it up till morn!

Not that shadows did not fall upon that home, for the same song speaks of "bereavements mourned in common," such as the death of Domett's mother when he was a boy of six, and that of his brother Edward, Browning's schoolfellow. Another great sorrow was commemorated in some hexameter verses addressed directly to Browning's Woodford hostess, which he would copy with peculiar sympathy. The lines are called "A soul of goodness in things evil," and tell of the sad days, in 1841, when blindness had fallen upon Domett's father, and of the sight-giving operation which ensued :—

There in his darkness the Old Man,
hoary with seventy winters—
Lionlike—equal to all—lording it sternly
o'er pain,

endured his anguish; and then followed the "triumph," when light once more

Gladdened the eyes that of yore
gleamed as he oft would recount
Feats of Sea-Captains,—our grand ones!

These are noticeable words; for the tales of "our grand ones," told by the truly "lion-like" Captain Domett, and by the brisk, dapper, little, gray-haired Captain Pritchard count for much in the evolution of Browning's stirring lines :—

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the
north-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red,
reeking into Cadiz bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in
face Trafalgar lay;

In the dimmest north-east distance,
dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me,—
how can I help England?"—say.

Is it to be wondered that when, in 1877, Domett collected and added to these early poems he desired to associate Browning with his volume? This he proposed at first to do by using as a title the words from "Waring"—*Hedge-side chance-blades*; but realizing that the bond between himself and his friend would be made more evident to his readers by means of a dedication, he wrote :—

To (if ever there were one!) "a mighty poet and a subtle-souled psychologist"—to Robert Browning, this little book, with a hearty wish the tribute were worthier, is affectionately ascribed.

Browning was deeply touched by this dedication, and also by the memories awakened by the inclusion among the "Flotsam" of the lines Domett had sent to him in manuscript in 1841 "on a certain critique on *Pippa Passes*." These lines began with an expression of scorn for the small-mindedness of the unnamed critic, who is compared to a black squat beetle which

Has knocked himself full-butt with
blundering trouble,

Against a Mountain he can neither
double

Nor ever hope to scale. So, like a free,
Pert, self-complacent Scarabæus, he
Takes it into his horny head to swear—
There's no such thing as any mountain
there!

Domett's best poetry is undoubtedly to be found in his *Ranolf and Amohia*, which exhibits, as Tennyson truly said, "intellectual subtlety, great powers of delineating delicious scenery and imaginative fire." The poem is a long one of fourteen thousand lines—some four thousand longer than *Paradise Lost*—and the narrative portion is neither

closely knit nor sufficiently impressive. Ranolf, a metaphysical Scotch student deeply read in philosophy, being wearied of the civilization of the West, sails to New Zealand, where he saves the life of the lovely Maori maiden, Amohia, and loves her. This is represented by the villain of the story, the wicked priest Kangapo, who desires to gain the hand of Amohia for the chief he serves: Ranolf therefore escapes. When the suit of the Maori chieftain is urged upon Amohia, she too flees—swimming across the lake by moonlight. The lovers are united, but the wiles of Kangapo secure their separation, and Ranolf, believing Amohia to be dead, is about to return to Europe alone, when he discovers her, and they take ship together.

Of the poem as a whole Mr. Hutton, in a long and sympathetic review in the *Spectator*, said, "It is hardly a complete poem, but it is full of poetry . . . its author is a man of great originality and buoyant imaginative life. No one who really understands the book can help thoroughly enjoying it, whatever he may think of it as a work of art." With this judgment no one, I believe, could quarrel. Like many other long poems it will be appreciated in portions, and it will appeal—or has appealed—to two kinds of readers: those who enjoy the treatment of what Browning termed "subjects of all others the most urgent for expression," subjects connected with the "development of a soul," and those who delight in beautiful description. The former readers will turn to passages such as the long and the very able account of the philosophical education of Ranolf in Book I., and its reflections upon the difficulty of choosing as a profession law, medicine or divinity. In connection with this last occurs a passage on Ritualism, much appreciated by the author of *Christmas Eve*, and pronounced by Tennyson to be "an

arrow that hits the bull's-eye." Who, asks Domett,

Would think to quell the Evil all about
With candlesticks and censers? satisfy
The crave for Infinite Good that cannot
die

With trim and tinselled haberdashery?

Would any heart remorse had desperate driven,

Or milder sense of "Sin" abased, on heaven

In accents guided by the gamut call,
And *do-re-mi-sol-fa* the God of all?

The lover of descriptive poetry will rejoice in the splendid description by the son and brother of a sea-captain, of furling the ship's sails, and will perhaps almost echo the words of Domett's friend, Joseph Arnould, "Your descriptions of scenery are the most real and vivid I know of in any poet, and by your attention to form and color you place your readers in the very midst of the lakes, forests and mountains of New Zealand. What a lovely land it must be!" As one who has visited many of the spots described by Domett, and who was privileged to see the lovely pink and white terraces in all their exquisite beauty and glory, I can endorse much, but not quite all, of Arnould's eulogy. What Browning felt on reading his friend's poem he has himself expressed:—

I don't know, though I cannot but care a good deal, how the poem may have been received and valued; but I am sure it is a great and astonishing performance, of very varied beauty and power. I rank it under nothing—taken altogether—nothing that has appeared in my day and generation for subtle, yet clear writing about subjects of all others the most urgent for expression and the least easy in treatment: while the affluence of illustration, and dexterity in bringing to bear upon the story every possible aid from every imaginable quarter, and that with such treasures new and old of language and

such continuance of music in modes old and new—well, I hope I am no more surprised at the achievement than is consistent with my always having held to the belief that whenever “Waring” reappeared, some such effect would follow the phenomenon. . . . In fine, the Poem is worth the thirty years’ work and experience and even absence from home, and whether people accept it now, or let it alone for a while, in the end appreciated it is certain to be. I shall wait a little and read it again—in no fear but that what I believe now will be confirmed hereafter: meantime my hearty congratulations.

The Contemporary Review.

This cordial letter is dated October 18th, 1872, and in Domett’s Diary is the following entry for October 24th, but six days later: “To Browning’s. He was out. Had a long chat with Miss Browning. When I alluded to the good-natured partiality with which he had written about my book, Sarianna said she knew he gave his sincere opinion of it, because she had heard him say precisely the same things about it to a friend of theirs—I think a sister of Leighton the R.A.”

W. Hall Griffin.

THE STOWAWAY.

A boat was rowing quietly along the shore of the Sogne Fjord, near its mouth and looking toward the sea. In its stern sat the owner, holding the tiller, whilst a boy and a girl, his son and daughter, pulled at the oars. It was evening, and the mountains on either side of the Fjord were reflected for miles into the distance. Far away could be seen the edge of the open sea, with its strips of low-lying land and islands. Over these hung a golden haze, the day’s last gift. The man in the stern was a robust and happy-looking bearded man. His daughter was a typical Norwegian girl, strong, broad-chested and broad-waisted, with a healthy, beautiful complexion. His son looked like an English boy. On the stern of the boat, just behind where the owner sat, were painted the words—“J. Holloway—Sandener.” The boat quitted the shore, and made across for the other side, where Sandener could be seen. It was a little wooden village, close beside a rushing river; it possessed a wooden hotel, and a wooden church and tower. Above it rose the mountains, with waterfalls

streaming down their shadowy sides. J. Holloway was an important man in his town, and had a flagstaff in his garden. He could see his little house and flagstaff, somewhat separate from the rest, beyond the church tower. His eye wandered from this to the open sea and the golden light beyond. In that direction lay England and Hull. He became meditative. The still waters, the mountains, the sound of the oars, the evening light, and the occasional talk of the rowers—these things faded from his mind, and he journeyed back into the past, across the sea to Hull. This was what he remembered.

James Holloway had been out of work for ten weeks. During this period he had “eaten nothing,” as we say of invalids or persons of abstemious temperament. He had not drunk as much as usual either; but he had drunk more than he had eaten. He had a theory that beer was as nourishing as bread to a man of his constitution. It was all a matter of

constitution. Some men grew fat on the drink, others grew thin; this was proved in every walk of life. He was one of those whom it nourished; and he was grateful to Nature for this mark of her favor. As he stood this morning in the road outside the docks at Hull, in the company of several hundred others of his kind, this peculiar constitution of his did not mark him out as being above the general average. The average was not a high one. The men were waiting to be hired, standing together in groups. It was 6 o'clock in the morning, and drizzling. The circumstances were depressing, yet there was an air of composure about the crowd. They sucked their pipes of foul tobacco, with an early morning relish; most of them had had some breakfast. They spat on the ground with decision, and when they did speak—for the most part they were silent—they spoke out loud and bold, or short and sharp, with a jest and an oath. The chins were bristly throughout. They all shaved once a week. There was not a collar amongst them, but a great variety of knotted neckcloths; and there were great-coats of some kind or another, procured somehow or other, on the backs of all. There had been a long period of slackness in the Docks, and a slump in trade all through the town. The greater part of the men had earned next to nothing for two or three months past. Most of them had wives and families at home. A specialist in sociology could have passed an interesting morning, enquiring how these men and their families had lived during this period. But the results would not have worked out on paper. For none of these men knew how he had lived; and even their wives could not have explained the secret. According to all reasonable statistics, they ought not to have lived at all. It was a most peculiar state of affairs.

James Holloway was a bachelor; but

he did not thank his stars for it. He was not of a grateful mind, and he was too full of theories. If he had had a wife, he theorized, she might have picked up a six-pence or two, now and then, and the children might have got something out of the church and after school hours; together, he thought, they might have got along better than he was doing singly. There were men who had found it so. He had a theory, too, that money was always money, however many there were to spend it, and that one and six-pence was always better than a shilling, whatever the company. This had been proved again and again to his satisfaction when clubbing together with his pals.

He waited and waited, with his hands in his great-coat pockets, now and then jogging his elbows against his sides. He had lived all his life, 25 years, in Hull, alternately working and loafing, either by inclination or compulsion. But he had a theory that his life had not yet really begun. Some day he was going to do better than he had done so far. That was quite certain. He never allowed himself for an instant to believe that the distressed and irregular condition was a permanent thing. It was merely temporary, and therefore supportable. He talked and laughed with two or three others, as they waited for work. There was a faint blueness and bitterness, a touch of solemnity, lingering round the corners of his mouth and eyes, but scarcely noticeable, owing to the strong look of life and sense which animated his countenance, and those of his friends, as they talked and laughed in their abrupt, rapid, jerky manner. Discontent appeared chiefly in the filthy adjectives with which every substantive was heralded.

After several hours of the morning had thus passed, it became apparent that no more work was to be had that day. He went off into the town, walking

up the street courageously as if he were in regular employment, and going home to dinner. He spent the middle of the day as usual; that is to say, he did not know how he spent it; it spent itself. As usual, he was busy with his thoughts and theories, thinking over his prospects. He must do something—that was certain. It would not do to go on living in this way any longer. This sort of thing must come to an end. In was time he made a new start, struck out a new line. He had said the same for years past; he had said it oftener and oftener, and now he said it once every ten minutes. When he was not talking to himself in this way, he was talking to his pals. They talked of every imaginable subject under the sun, but they arrived at no fixed opinions on any. At least the opinions were all fixed, but they were all conflicting. For instance, all were agreed that the life they were leading was a dog's life, not fit for a Christian man, and that something must be done to better themselves. This was one fixed conviction, and its friend and companion was that a man could not better himself, that there was nothing to do, and nowhere else to go. Both these opinions were clear and certain. Again, when politics came up for discussion, Jim Holloway was convinced that the Government were not doing their duty to such as himself; that they were allowing the blood and muscle of the country to be drained away; that they only talked, never did anything, and had got their posts through the influence of society women, and that the condition of the people in his town was a scandal to the country. Simultaneously, if properly aroused, he was always ready to swear by the good old British Constitution, the Flag, the Throne, the Army, Navy and the sporting Aristocracy. So, too, with religion, which was frequently discussed in the lodging houses of an evening. He was

perfectly convinced that it was all a humbug, a got-up affair—Noah's Ark and the Flood and all. The clergy and the bishops did it all for money. "Religion was civilization." This was the idea of one of the talkers in the lodging house; and he had succeeded in making his meaning clear to all. God could not be good, if He sent evil and suffering. The whole thing was a lie; but civilization needed it. This was perfectly clear to the unsophisticated reasoning of all. Truth had only to be stated to be understood and believed. This was one opinion. The other was that something good, some fatherly power or destiny, which understood things, lay at the back of his life. This was also quite certain. Apart from the direct knowledge of the fact, it had been proved again and again. For he would certainly have died for various reasons, chiefly for lack of nourishment, long before, if life had not been constantly supplied to him—and so would they all have done. All the middle of the day he spent outside a public-house, cogitating these contradictory opinions, but especially about what he was going to do. For some reason he asked himself this question to-day with greater frequency and with more vital emphasis than before. "Must do something—this can't go on," he reiterated. He ran through all his old rejected schemes again for the thousandth time—emigration, enlisting, tramping into the country, going round the town once more.

In the midst of these thoughts, impelled by the certain conviction that something must be done, he found himself wandering down the street again. It was afternoon, and during all the period of the last ten weeks he had never before felt so empty and cavernous within. A crowd of people were going into a public hall, off one of the principal streets. Admission appeared to be free, and Jim drifted in with

them, pondering on what he was going to do—on what he had got to do—rather than on what he was doing. He found himself at a political meeting. The chairman, a small, fat, smiling gentleman, in a fur coat, was introducing the speaker. The chairman spoke with daintiness and grace, looking round on his audience and smiling, and clasping his two little hands together. He was enjoying himself. Then the speaker began, a gloomy man. James Holloway followed all that was said. He seemed to have two minds this afternoon. With one mind he followed the speaker, and understood all that he said; with the other mind he was still determining that something must be done, that he must enlist, emigrate, cut his throat, or do something. The gloomy speaker was getting a little warmer. He had reached the glories of the Empire, the necessity for building it up, and doing all in our power to preserve it, and hand it on to our children. We must even be prepared to make sacrifices for it. Though in his own private opinion no sacrifice would be necessary, still we must be prepared to make sacrifices. James Holloway, along with the rest of the audience, loudly indicated his readiness to make a sacrifice. As he cheered, his mind Number Two was saying that something must be done, that it could not go on, and that he must go up again to the paper mills to see if a job was to be had there.

The speaker was now threatening his audience. "Was England to become a second-class Power?" he asked them. Before asking this question he had paused; and he asked it, not triumphantly, but with a deadly significance. His voice lowered itself. "Was it possible that England might ever become a second-class Power?" He spoke as if alluding to one of those darker subjects which are not men-

tioned in polite society. A third time he repeated the question, in a grave and awful whisper. "Was there any one in that room who had ever faced the possibility of England's becoming a second-class Power—a Denmark, a Sweden, or a *Norway*?" James Holloway felt faint. Then the speaker recovered himself, and brought out his emphatic No's. He passed on once more to Empire, to Royalty, the Flag, and the Army and Navy, in a grand peroration. Holloway, who sat at the back of the room, rose to his feet with many of the audience, and shouted. As he rose, it seemed to him that he was indeed rising and rising. For a moment he thought that his spirit had left the body. Then he realized that he must be ill; and immediately fright seized him, and he turned sick and faint. He made for the door, and hurried out.

James Holloway had a theory that when a man was feeling ill and done-up, the best thing he could do was to go and work. This he had often proved in practice. He made up his mind on the spot, that he would go and work. Cost what it might, he would work before nightfall. He went down to the docks, and slunk along the wharves unobserved. Come what might, he would work somewhere, at something. It was the only way to cure himself. Heaven was propitious. In a quiet corner, against a lonely wharf, he observed a Norwegian schooner, unloading small baulks of timber. The baulks of timber were being thrown out by hand from the hold of the vessel. Two seamen stood on deck, catching them as they popped out of the hold, and throwing them with a clatter on to a huge pile that had formed itself on the wharf. Two other seamen stood on this pile, throwing the wood slowly about, so as to build and shape the structure, and allow room for more. James Hollo-

way slunk alongside this pile of wood. For some time he watched the men at work. He caught the eye of one of the seamen, and winked. The big Norwegian stopped work, and straightened himself with a slow, pleasant gasp. Jim scrambled on to the pile, and began to throw the timber towards its further end, so as to make room for more in the centre. The Norwegian smiled, and went on with his own work. Jim worked away with a will. It was a luxury to put out his strength again; and he felt better and better. Every moment he expected the mate to come and warn him off. The mate came to the edge of the vessel, and leaned his arm on the bulwarks, smiling ironically at Holloway. "You laike vurk?" he said. Holloway worked away in silence. The mate smiled a deeper smile. He remained lazily leaning on the bulwarks for a minute, and then returned to his post above the hold, catching the timber as it popped out. The vessel was being unloaded by the crew, without any outside assistance but this voluntary aid proffered by our friend. They worked on till late. Holloway ventured no questions; but they were evidently working overtime. Only one thought now occupied his mind. Would his services be recognized in any form? His unchartered work was against the rules of the docks; and they had not even asked for it. Yet he augured well from the mate's impassive look; they were evidently in a hurry, as they were working late, and his work was a gain to them.

Presently the mate made a peculiar sound in his throat; and they all stopped work. The mate leaned again on the bulwarks. The big seaman on the pile straightened himself once more with the same pleasant gasp. Slowly they all disappeared into the little fo'c'sle. Holloway stood on the pile in the gathering dusk, dismally

watching them depart. The mate had now disappeared in the forward part of the vessel; and his last hope was gone. Suddenly the mate's figure reappeared on deck. He looked at Holloway, and nodded his head casually towards the fo'c'sle.

Jim Holloway scrambled on board and, lowering his head, joined the other seamen in the fo'c'sle, which was about 6 feet by 8 feet. A beautiful smell greeted his nostrils, of frizzled onions and potatoes, along with tobacco and oil and tar. One of the men was frying a mess over a little stove. A table in the centre was prepared for the meal. Holloway jammed himself down by the table on a chest, trying to take up as little room as possible. The three other seamen lay in their bunks, enjoying the luxury of relief from toil. They grunted to one another in Norwegian, paying no attention to Jim. The cook glanced at him and laughed, as he stirred his pan. The cook could speak English. "No work in Hull," he said, "very slack, all out of work." He smiled affectionately at his onions. Presently the fry was served up on the table. The seamen came out of their bunks, and all fell to. Jim Holloway never enjoyed a meal so much. Two of the hands were scarcely more than boys. They had fair hair and blue eyes, and looked fresh and blooming, with enormous shoulders encased in blue jerseys. On Holloway's right sat an older man, in a pair of boots reaching above his knees, which he had not troubled to pull off. Opposite to him sat the cook. All five of them ate away with a relish; a small lamp burned against the wall, and the smoke of the food went up from the table. The Norwegians became more talkative as they ate. Holloway thought that never had he seen four such pleasant looking fellows. It was a luxury to him to rest his eyes on their contented faces.

They paid but little attention to himself, and talked and laughed quietly to one another. It was a pleasure to hear them speaking in a foreign tongue, to watch their smiles and laughs and gestures, without knowing what it was they were talking about. The fo'c'sle was very warm. The men got out their tobacco, and began to smoke. They looked at one another through the smoke, now talking volubly. The cook began to hum, drumming his fingers on the table. He hummed louder and louder, and presently his humming broke into words, which he sang over to himself. When he reached a certain point in the song, the others stopped talking suddenly and joined in. The cook had a pleasant voice, and he made the most of it. He came out now with the next verse in style, and the others all joined in again at the right moment. The song sounded very pleasantly and strangely in Holloway's ears; unlike anything he had heard before. Opposite him on the wall was a picture post-card, representing a waterfall coming down a mountain-side into the sea; and Holloway kept his eyes fixed upon it. As the song rose and fell, Holloway became aware of the country to which these men belonged. He felt the atmosphere of the land from which they came; and it seemed to make the fo'c'sle fresher and purer. It was a happy land they belonged to, and one that was dear to them—a small land far away north, far away from his troubles in Hull. "Lucky chaps! Lucky beggars!" he thought to himself. He spat on the floor. He could scarcely restrain his emotion and envy. He had never been outside Hull himself, and yet he felt and understood, and knew that he understood, the sort of country these men came from. He watched the Norwegians with closer interest and delight. Another of the seamen began to sing.

One of the boys reached down a cardboard box from his bunk, and turned over a few letters, and photographs done up in newspaper. He took out a photograph of a girl with large eyes wide apart, and fair hair parted on her forehead, and plaited down her back. He looked at it fondly and winked at Holloway. Then he kissed it and held it in his arm, and smiled at Holloway. Then he replaced it carefully in the newspaper. Holloway swore to himself. The cook told him to sing them a song. He gave them as much as he could remember of the last music-hall song. His voice was nasal. He hoped to have made an impression, but, to judge from their faces, they did not understand his style and tone. At last he had to clear out. "Well, good-night, mates, and thank ye kindly—much obliged, I'm sure." Somewhat to his surprise they held out their hands; and he shook hands all round. On the dark deck outside, he paused for a moment, and looked back with a sigh at the bright, steaming interior of the little fo'c'sle.

Then he slunk along the docks. He had a full belly, but no money in his pockets. Passing a deserted part of the wharf, he slipped into a storage shed, and presently came across an enormous empty packing case, with straw in it, into which he climbed, and nestled down at the bottom. He felt tired, comfortable, and happy; but he could not sleep. He was thinking of the Norwegian schooner, and the land she was bound for. They were off the day after to-morrow, he had gathered from the cook—lucky fellows.

All in an instant his mind was made up. He would go with them. Yes, this was what things had been working towards. He had got to do something, he must do something. Then he would go to Norway. His spirits rose wonderfully. Why, of course, it was just the thing. He would stow himself

away somewhere in the hold. But what was he going to do when he got there? He cared not a jot. Let them send him to quod, let them do anything with him, he wanted to see that little harbor, and the mountain, and the young woman whose photograph had been kissed. What was there to keep him in Hull? When in doubt, do something, he said to himself, and fell asleep, and dreamed of the waterfall and the mountain. In his ear the music of the Norwegian song kept rising and falling rhythmically. He sat beside the waterfall, with his arm round the waist of a young lady.

In the gray of the morning, he awoke again. He remembered his decision of the night before, and felt doubtful. He was only a fool to think of such a plan. "Go to Norway, eh?" He laughed, and spat into the straw in which he lay. He lay there thinking for some time. Then he scrambled out and sloped along the wharf. It was drizzling, and just getting light.

Jim Holloway had a theory that no man could fight against Destiny. This had been proved again and again in his life. He had often thought of getting married, of finding a nice girl who would do him good; and he had remained a bachelor. That was Destiny. He had often thought of leaving Hull and making a fresh start somewhere else, making the most of himself, earning the respect of his fellow-men, and a regular wage; but he had remained at Hull, in irregular employment, or out of employment. This was Destiny. He was always on the lookout for Destiny. His great-coat had come to him by Destiny. He had found it hanging on a paling. Destiny had ruled his life. Destiny now carried him up to the town. It first of all pawned his overcoat, and bought him two loaves of bread, some cheese, and a large stone bottle of water. It acted with infinite caution, and waited two

days and a night. It rested his mind, and healed the pain of the last many weeks. It bade good-bye to Hull, and the drizzle, and the dreary tramp from dockyard to dockyard, and from one mill to another. He spent most of the day outside his usual pub. "Now what should make me think of going to Norway?" he kept saying to himself. And then he laughed to himself. He discussed a variety of themes, as usual, with a choice company outside the public-house. He felt his eyes twinkling as he spoke, and he kept smiling. He was wondering what they would say, if he told them he was going to Norway? Who could tell? It was just pure Destiny. He had seen it last night in the fo'c'sle, and it was a place which would suit him, it was a place which was meant for him. This day and the next, as he waited for his schooner to be loaded up, and ready to start, were the happiest of his life so far. He was at last going to do something. For ten years past he had felt that Destiny was on its way; it was coming, and something would happen. Now he knew it had come. He smiled benevolently on his poor companions. He took the lead in the conversation. He was full of confidence and cheerfulness; and the spirits of his companions rose, they knew not why. Jim Holloway was conscious again of his two minds. With one mind he talked and jested and swore with his pals; with the other he knew that Destiny was at work, that a new life had begun. With one mind he talked sound sense and reason to his companions, with the other he cognized a project, the meaning and sense of which he knew it was impossible for him to explain to any mortal man. But the knowledge of this only made him happier. He thrust his hands deep down in his breeches' pockets. Yes, he was going away, going away the following night—where to he did not

know, what to do he did not care—but he was going somewhere, and Destiny was taking him there.

He kept an eye on the schooner, until the loading-up for the home journey was completed. That night he went down to the docks about midnight. He had not the slightest doubt that he should be successful in stowing himself away. He had no difficulty in getting on to the wharves, and soon found his little schooner. There she lay, with her old-fashioned spars and rigging visible against the sky. Sure enough, he had nothing to do but drop quietly on board, and slip down into the hold. It was all as easy as possible. He met no policeman or dock-watcher anywhere on the wharves. A miscellaneous cargo had been shipped in the hold. Jim looked about for a comfortable corner. Doubts kept drifting across his mind. He was afraid, now and then, that he had perhaps gone off his head in doing such a senseless thing; but this doubt troubled him very little. He had a theory that when a man thought one thing, the opposite was usually the truth; and this comforted him. He groped about with circumspection in the hold, cautiously lighting matches until he found a snug little corner right down in the cargo, where he could stow himself comfortably. There was even a shelf for his bottle of water, his two loaves, and his bit of cheese. He felt neither hungry, tired, nor thirsty, but perfectly normal. He curled himself up, with a sigh of satisfaction, and was soon fast asleep.

Bang, bump. . . . It was morning, and more cargo was being swung down into the hold. Jim had climbed down into the hold by the forward hatch, and he had scrambled aft. The stern hatch had been closed down, and he had had an idea that it was closed for good. Now to his surprise the light shone; it had been opened again.

He heard the rattle of the steam crane, and big boxes began to swing down above him. Jim sat still, his heart in his mouth. Bump came a large case of several tons weight right above his head, entirely closing the aperture at the bottom of which he sat. He was shut in a trap. For a moment his head swam, and he thought of shouting and disclosing himself. But in another moment Destiny presented itself to his reason. He was acting under compulsion; this was only a friendly joke on the part of his guide. All was yet well—though pitch dark. He lay comfortably and quietly, penned in his little cabin. As soon as the hatch overhead was closed, and all sounds had ceased, he tried the strength of his prison walls. The cleft in the cargo which formed his prison was about four feet high and three wide. Consequently he could get his back against its roof, and use the whole strength of his body to lift. He put his hands on his knees, and put out his strength little by little. So great was the purchase that it seemed to him that nothing could possibly resist him. Yet the case never budged. It weighed tons. Again he put out the whole strength of his body. Its force appeared to him tremendous, but it was of no avail. Well, he had his bottle of water and his two loaves, and they would not be many days crossing the sea—then all would be well. He had tobacco with him, and lit his pipe and made himself comfortable. Presently he knew they were moving; and before long they were out at sea. The ship was tossing and rolling; he could hear the waves crunching against her sides, and rushing past them. It never occurred to him to be seasick, as his thoughts were busy. He had become happy again, now that they were off, as he smoked his pipe in the dark. It was madness from beginning to end, and he knew it; but that was just the

point. He could never have settled on such an expedition as this for himself—it had all been done for him. He had been waiting for years and years, and now his time had come. To think that Destiny should have taken him in hand like this, singled him out from his companions, and sent him on a voyage of faith. It was glorious. Of course it was all nonsense. What possible use was there in his going to Norway? What in the name of fortune was he going to do when he got there? What the devil had ever suggested it? But it was just these arguments which proved the presence of Destiny. For, in spite of them all, he was going.

In the midst of these thoughts he fell into a happy sleep; then he awoke and thought, then he slept again. Time passed. Between sleeping and waking, and thinking and sleeping again, days passed by. It seemed to him that weeks, even months had passed; but he decided that it was not more than a few days. Still, they must be already somewhere near Norway, he thought. So far, he had eaten and drunk nothing. He was saving his provisions up in case of bad weather and delays; and he had felt no need of them, lying there sleeping. On waking from a nap some days before, as the time had seemed to him, he had felt hungry, and a trifle thirsty. But he had resisted the temptation to eat and drink; and it had quite passed away again. Such a long while had passed since then, without his taking anything, that he began to look upon himself as a sort of fasting man. He had a theory that sleep was as good as food and drink, and he was proving it up to the hilt. Now, however, the time had come, he thought, to take a little food and drink. He began with a bit of bread, but found he could not eat it till he had drunk some water. He took a refreshing gulp, and applied himself to the

bread. But he could not get on with it; it seemed to stick in his throat. He took a little more water, not enough to satisfy him. He lay down and slept again, and awoke feeling thirsty. He then recollected a theory of his that, in the treatment of appetites, half measures were no use, and it was best to satisfy them fully, and so let them be. So he had a real good drink, wiped his mouth and corked up the stone bottle. Five minutes afterwards he felt thirsty again. This time he had to deny himself, but he could not sleep for thinking of the water in the bottle. He was also puzzled by this feeling of thirst. He could not make it out. He had drunk a good half-pint or more, enough to last a man who was not working, but just lying idle, as long as you like. Why should he feel thirsty again at once? The right plan, the normal plan was, to quench his thirst, and then go comfortably for twenty-four hours without any more drink. So he took another pull at the bottle, to make sure that the thirst was satisfied, and laid himself down to sleep. In three minutes he was thirsty again. He saw now that he had a battle to fight, that an enemy had risen up against him. He could sleep no more, because this enemy grew. When he did drop off into a doze, the enemy took new and strange shapes. It was better to fight it waking than sleeping. It was not thirst merely that he suffered from, but fear.

Fear laid hold of him more and more; and unknown horror of darkness lay before him. He had never been afraid of death. Death at this moment, in the open air and with his thirst quenched, would have been bliss. But death where he was, and with his thirst unsatisfied. . . . Every now and then he put his lips to the stone bottle, and enjoyed a few moments of exquisite pleasure. The thirst was momentarily relieved; but the fear remained, and

soon the suffering came back again. At last the water was all gone. His whole being became absorbed in one awful want. The very objects of his consciousness—the darkness, the walls of his prison, the empty bottle, the remains of the bread and cheese, his own body—these things ceased to be themselves, and became one unspeakable thirst. He began to shout at the top of his voice. He put his back to the roof of his prison, and strained against it with his whole force. He shouted and shouted for days, it seemed to him. A raging madness took possession of him; he flung himself about his prison, then he lay and wept and sobbed, sucking the salt tears into his mouth with his dry tongue. Then he cursed God, Creation, and Destiny, with every foul word known in Hull.

Sometimes there would come a lull in these paroxysms. Whilst lying in one of these calmer moments, half senseless, he suddenly noticed that the ship was steadier. The deafening sound of plunging and surging had given place to a loud cackling, as she rippled through quieter water. A wild hope sprang up in his breast. They must be reaching Norway. He had been weeks and weeks in his prison; and the end of the journey must be close at hand. For a time his sufferings vanished, swallowed up by hope. Every moment he expected to hear even the ripple cease, and to reach the stillness of the harbor side. Hour after hour the water cackled loudly past the ship's sides. He shouted again and again; but his voice was still drowned and powerless to carry. How many more hours of anguish before they reached the port? Time, as it passed, brought its inexorable answer. There was no end to the journey, there never would be any end to it. He would go mad and die long before the end ever came. The cackle of the stiller waters

sounded everlastingly in his ears, and yet they never got to the shore. The ship was evidently moving, so there must be some breeze outside; yet the waves no longer rocked her, they only splashed and rippled round her. He argued and argued as to the meaning of this. Gradually hope gave way again to madness and despair. He went off his head once more, and raged about within his little tomb. Once more he found himself calm. It seemed to him that he awoke from a state of unconsciousness. The waters were still talking round the ship's sides, in the same loud and senseless manner. He found his mind strangely clear, and saw things in the light of reason. He had been a fool and a madman. It was all a lie, that nonsense about Destiny—all day-dreams. This was the real truth, this was his awakening to the facts of life. He had always refused to face the truth, liked to live in a little world of his own imagination, and this was the end of it . . . this was the real truth . . . darkness and suffering, awful suffering. . . . "People would never believe what suffering is," he thought, "they would never believe it, not if you was to tell them, till you was black in the face, they could not believe it . . . it's worse than what anybody understands. . . . And this is truth, this is God's blessed truth. I believed a fairy-tale, and I've got what I deserve." He began to shout and scream once more; and then he fell by degrees into a state of coma.

As he lay unconscious, the ship came into port, after a long journey up the land-locked coast of Norway. Half an hour afterwards, he came to his senses again. All was still around him. For a while he thought that he was dead. Then he heard a sound overhead, and a crack of light appeared in the roof of his prison. "Help, help!" he shouted, in a strong triumphant voice. Joy overpowered him, and

quenched his thirst. Even in his excitement he noticed that his thirst was gone for the moment. He heard men walking above him, and he shouted again, strongly and joyfully. The case above began to shift, and in a moment he was out of his hole. "Water!" he cried, and scrambled on to deck. He was struck blind by the light, and held out his hands, crying—"Water!" They brought him water and he drank, checking his greed with all his might. He did not wish to drown his life, now that he had just found it. He compelled himself to drink quietly. He kept his eyes tightly closed as he drank. An ocean of blinding light surrounded him, as though he were in the presence of God. His whole being was absorbed in joy, and intense, almost insufferable light, as he sipped the water of life. Presently he staggered to his feet. A hand was stretched out to help him; but he put it from him, and reached the bulwarks. The world began to appear to him, unfolding itself little by little out of a sea of glory. Overhead he became aware of a mountain, its sides and summit steaming with a dazzling mist. Out of a golden haze on either hand appeared more mountains, and the sea, or a lake, he knew not which, reflecting one another into the distance. His vision became stronger and clearer. Now he saw that the sun was shining, and that waterfalls were streaming down the mountain sides; he could hear the fresh sound of them in the distance. The sky was blue overhead. At the foot of the mountain the corn was growing. The waterfalls dashed down the rocks, and tumbled into the fields, making rainbows above the corn. He staggered back again to his can of water, and sat down on the deck, with his back against the fo'c'sle wall. The seamen stood around him, smiling. He had his drink; but they now acted as bread and meat to him,

as he looked at their tanned faces and stalwart figures, warm in the sun. He felt very dazed and helpless as he lay on the deck, and wondered what they would do with him. Though he had staggered to his feet, he thought he was too weak to walk. The cook kept talking to him in broken English. The seamen had not been able to do anything but smile so far; but now the cook's expression became more emphatic.

"What you want? What you doing here? What you come over for?" Jim Holloway remembered himself. He scrambled on to his feet again. His head swam, and his knees began to totter. The cook caught him round the waist, but Jim put his arm aside. "Just give us a bite of something," he said, "and then I'll go and look for work," and he gazed up at the mountain overhead, standing firmly without assistance on the deck. He felt that, whatever happened, he must not give Destiny away again, but play up to it manfully. The cook smiled. He bent over the bulwarks and talked to a girl who stood on the wooden quay. Then he walked up the ship, talked to the mate, and came back to Jim, who was leaning on the bulwarks again, looking at the mountain. "You go 'long with her," he said, pointing to the girl. Jim stepped on shore bravely, and walked off with the girl down the sunlit road. The girl had blue eyes and a softly glowing complexion, a shawl was tied over her flaxen hair, her sleeves were white, and she wore a blue serge skirt. Jim limped along beside her in his greasy green-black clothes. All his life at Hull he had never before felt so like a tramp and a ne'er-do-weel. In his excitement he kept explaining to her his condition and suffering in voluble English. They passed up a little stone path, through the hayfields, crossed a bridge over a rushing and roaring river, and came to

a large substantial wooden hut. Here Jim was seated at a table, and given milk and bread and cheese, and a hundred comforts. His soul was fed with fatness. The mother of the household and her daughter attended to him, freely and kindly, and with a roughness which put him at his ease. He cracked jokes at them, and laughed as he soaked his bread in the milk and gained strength. The cook soon turned up from the ship. "Now you in luck, my friend," he said. "There is the pier building over there at Sandener, two kilometres, all short of hands, the men busy, milk the cows in the saeters. You get work on the pier." "I thought so," said Jim, and a smile of triumph lit up his face. He was shown some clean straw in a barn next door, and rolled up for a ten hours' sleep. Next day he was off early. His sufferings seemed to have left no effect whatever. He walked lightly along the coast; presently he turned a corner of the bay; and a small village with a wooden hotel came in sight. Sure enough, a wooden pier was being constructed. He walked straight up to a little wooden office, and applied for work. The manager could speak English. There was a considerable colloquy. Jim explained that he had taken a passage over from Hull in search of work. The manager raised his eyebrows in astonishment. Jim told a string of lies in answer to his ques-

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tions; he had heard, he said, in Hull that work was to be found in Sandener. The manager was baffled. He put back his cap and stared at the draggled figure. Then he engaged his services as a pile-driver at eighteen krone a week. Jim had a hard day's work. Now and then he feared that he was going to faint. He worked with four Norwegians, heaving up the ton-weight hammer, and letting it fall with a bang on to the pile. He marvelled at his own powers of endurance after his sufferings. What refreshed him was the thought of Destiny. When he was on the point of giving in, the thought came to him, and a sensation of sweetness and happiness stole over him, renewing his strength.

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The steersman came to himself with a start. They were close to Sandener; and the boat had entered the shadow of the mountain. The sound of the oars echoed louder. He steered towards the wooden pier. On it stood his wife, smiling and waving. They landed, made the boat fast for the night, and walked up all together to the house with the flagstaff. The mountain rose above his house, gray, vast, and barren in the gathering gloom. But it brought no chill or vague foreboding to his breast. For, in spite of his settled life and prosperity, he still loved Destiny.

G. Warre Cornish.

OLD GALWAY LIFE. FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS.*

There were not many solaces in the old days for those whom the world had treated harshly. Club-life, in Ireland at least, was in its infancy; very few of the numerous beneficent enter-

* See *The Living Age*, March 5, 1904.

prises which nowadays afford interest and occupation to solitary women had then been set afoot. It was well for all such forlorn ones that, in Galway at any rate, charity to kith and kin never failed, and that to the third and

fourth generation the old home gave shelter and a welcome to all who stood in need of it.

Much of such family wreckage drifted to us. Most noteworthy thereof was Major William Poppleton of the 53rd Foot, who had married one of my aunts, and had been for three years orderly officer at Longwood, during the "Last Phase" on St. Helena. My uncle fell under the spell which Napoleon's personality exercised on all who were brought into contact with it. He was devoted to his charge, and as far as was compatible with his duty he endeavored to mitigate the many petty indignities and humiliations imposed upon the "Corsican adventurer" under Sir Hudson Lowe's harsh rule. Napoleon fully appreciated my uncle's feelings towards him, and he was the only member of his English bodyguard for whom the fallen Emperor had a sincere affection.

The crisis came when Sir Hudson Lowe, who lacked the most ordinary instincts of a gentleman, issued an order to the officers of this bodyguard to report to him all private conversations of Napoleon and his suite, both those which were addressed to themselves and those which they might chance to overhear. Major Poppleton indignantly refused to obey the mandate, and resigned his post. Napoleon was much afflicted at the prospect of losing his favorite custodian, and he besought him to yield obedience to Sir Hudson Lowe, so that he might still retain him about his person. My uncle, however, was not to be prevailed upon. He would never stoop, so he declared, to conduct so unbecoming an English officer, and he quitted the island prison. At parting Napoleon gave him a handsome gold snuff-box and a lock of his hair, as tokens of his gratitude and esteem.

Major Poppleton returned home a ruined man. He had committed the

unpardonable sin, he had disobeyed his commanding officer, and for him no place of repentance was to be found. He was obliged to leave the service to which he was devoted, and in which he had borne himself with no small distinction.

His wife had died during his sojourn at St. Helena: none the less it was to her old Galway home that he turned, bringing his children to grow up there. He lived amongst us for many years, a gentle, subdued man, broken in health and spirit; and he laid his bones at last in our burial-place, in the lonely ruined chapel above the lake, where his tombstone still records the long list of his services to a country that did not value him.

He had first joined his regiment in Egypt in 1801, and after the surrender of the French he took part in Baird's famous desert march to India. During that march he and a portion of his regiment by some means became detached from the main body of the troops, and lost their way in the scorching waste. Utterly exhausted by hours of fruitless wandering, they gave up all hope and lay down on the sand to die of thirst. Rescue came at the last moment by a party of searchers sent out in quest of the missing force. My uncle saw much service afterwards in India and throughout the hottest fighting in the Peninsula; but the horror of those hours was never effaced from his mind, and recurred to him in dreams so often and so vividly, that to the day of his death he would never sleep without a large vessel of water placed by his bedside to enable him in his first waking moment to assure himself that it was a dream and nothing more.

In after years, when the reaction had come and the British Government were ashamed of the sorry fashion in which they had treated their imperial captive, a commission was bestowed on

Major Poppleton's only son, as some recognition of what was due to his father.

Throughout our childhood the gold snuff-box always stood upon the dining-room chimneypiece, and every visitor to the house was offered a pinch out of "Napoleon's box." It was kept well filled, therefore, white snuff at one end, black snuff at the other, and underneath lay a piece of white paper, as it had come from the jeweller's hands. Many years afterwards, when snuff-taking had ceased to be the fashion, and the box was only a curiosity, a gentleman to whom it was shown asked the reason of that piece of paper. "To keep the fingers of the snuff-takers from scratching the box," he was told. More inquisitive, however, than all who had gone before him, he prized up the bit of paper, and underneath lay another closely folded paper—a letter from Napoleon himself to the Count of Las Cases, sending messages to his adherents in France, and his wishes for the bringing up of the King of Rome. It was plain why the letter had been placed where it was. Napoleon had known that Major Poppleton would refuse to take charge of it, if it were openly tendered to him in St. Helena; but he had never doubted that he would discover it after his arrival in Europe, and he had trusted to his friendship to deliver it, with the result that it had lain where he had hidden it for nearly forty years. The Count of Las Cases, the King of Rome, my uncle himself, were all long dead when the letter was found; Louis Napoleon reigned at the Tuileries. The Count of Las Cases' son, however, was alive, and to him the long-concealed letter, destined for his father, was sent.

Another of my aunts had eloped at the age of thirteen with a young officer, the worst that could be said of whom was that his courage very considerably exceeded his commonsense.

As a lad, just joined, he had taken part in the disastrous retreat of Corunna; he served afterwards throughout the Peninsular war, the first Afghan and the Sikh wars. Unfortunately for himself, however, he was possessed of an ungovernable temper and an overweening sense of his own importance. Shortly after his marriage he waited, in company with his youthful wife, on some highly placed official of the War Office, to solicit his good offices in assisting my uncle to procure some piece of preferment of which he was desirous. The great man evinced himself most gracious, and promised to do all in his power to further my uncle's wishes. At the conclusion of the interview, however, he only bowed to the young lady, and resumed the writing on which he had been engaged. My uncle conducted his bride downstairs and placed her in the carriage which waited below, after which he rushed upstairs again and challenged the official to mortal combat, to avenge the insult he had offered his wife in not handing her to her carriage. The challenge was declined, but it need hardly be said that my uncle did not receive the appointment he coveted.

Twice over in India he struck his commanding officer in the face, and on each occasion was tried by court-martial and cashiered. Partly owing to his brilliant services, however, and partly to the intervention of the Duke of York, who was his personal friend, he was twice over reinstated in his regiment, but at the very bottom of the list of officers, below the youngest ensign; with the result that, when he died of wounds in the siege of Mooltan, after forty years of almost continuous active service, he was no more than a simple captain.

My widowed aunt followed the fashion of the family and came home to us, with her younger children. She had had fifteen children altogether in the

course of her very checkered life, whom she had deposited here and there, cuckoo fashion, as occasion and the exigencies of active military life demanded. Once when she was on board a troopship, a sailing-vessel of course, as all such craft were in those days, a hurricane came on, and all on board gave themselves up for lost. My aunt, however, did not lose her presence of mind. Amidst the prevailing terror she calmly unpacked her boxes and dressed such of her children as she had with her in their best, that when their bodies should be cast ashore they would be recognized as the children of gentlefolk, and receive decent burial. After she had settled down with us in Galway, it was a favorite amusement of ours to make her go over the names of her children to us, and she could never succeed in making the tale complete.

"Thirteen — fourteen," she would count up. "But I know there were fifteen of them. Oh! there was Miles; I had quite forgotten poor dear Miles. I can't just remember what Miles died of, but he was a darling!"

Some of these luckless youngsters died, some grew up without ever seeing their parents again. Occasionally, however, her progeny turned up when they were least expected or desired. I was walking with my aunt on our avenue one day, when we saw Hughie Caulfield, the gardener, approaching, and in his wake a disreputably clothed fair-haired stranger, with the general appearance of a German bandsman. As we came near, a signal passed between Hughie and the unknown, and the latter, advancing with clasped hands, ejaculated ecstatically "Mother!"

My aunt, however, who had by this time become slightly hard of hearing, and did not much relish the looks of the stranger, drew herself erect and said haughtily—

"Did you address any remarks to me, sir?"

"I only said I was your son," he answered meekly.

This particular scion my aunt, on one of her many voyages to India, had deposited in a monastery in Malta. By what means she induced the monks to take charge of him we never clearly understood, but he had remained with them till old enough to enter the Austrian army. He had been left for dead on one of the Hungarian battle-fields, and, having been nursed back to health by sisters of charity, had quitted the Austrian service without over-ceremonious leave-taking, and made his way across Europe to us.

On some misgivings being expressed by the heads of the family as to what was to become of him, now that he had arrived, he declared that he was confident of being well able to shift for himself, and indeed he proved that his self-reliance was fully justified. For, having been provided with funds to journey to London, he went straight to Apsley House, and made his way into the presence of the Iron Duke. He represented his father's services and his own traits to him so eloquently that the Duke, who was then Commander-in-Chief, not only bestowed a commission upon him, but also added thereto a gratuity to enable him to purchase his outfit.

It was perhaps not surprising that our new cousin should feel some elation at what he had achieved; but after his return to Galway he assumed airs of superiority and an amount of what is generally known as "side," which made him extremely unpopular amongst the younger members of the household, and we concocted a deeply laid scheme to humble him in the dust.

We procured an old pistol, which we primed and loaded with a blank charge. Armed with this weapon, we lay in wait in one of the shrubberies

on the avenue one moonlight winter's evening, when we knew that our objectionable relative was out walking. One of us girls, who possessed the accomplishment of whistling on her fingers like any street boy, was posted above to give a signal on our victim's approach. The signal was not in the least required, as we had stationed ourselves just beyond a clearing on the avenue, across which we could plainly see him coming in the moonlight; but we deemed it to be the correct thing, and to make the whole business appear more lifelike. Accordingly the object of our vengeance had no sooner plunged into the gloom amongst the shrubs than the whistle rang out, and simultaneously we let off our ordnance, once and again.

Alas, however, for our well-thought-out revenge! We had never doubted that our obnoxious cousin, for all his tall talk, would take to his heels at the sound of the shots, and skurry up to the house in ignominious flight, there to relate his alarming experience on the avenue, when we, following after, would have burst in upon the horrifying recital, and by relating the true version of the tale, have covered him with ridicule.

At the double discharge our kinsman came to a dead halt—for a moment only—then realizing what the shots meant, he walked on, somewhat more rapidly perhaps than he had walked before, but with no undue precipitation. It must have required some nerve—and we felt it as we listened to his footfall—to walk on steadily and firmly through the thick darkness under the overgrown laurels, in which he had every reason to believe armed assassins were lurking. Nor on arriving at the house did he betray to any one what had taken place. He was no doubt fully convinced that he had been mistaken in the uncertain light for my grandfather, the Galway landlord, and

he would not alarm my grandmother or my aunts by telling them of the murderous attack that had been made upon him. He kept his own counsel, therefore, and I need hardly say that we did the same for many a day to come. Our cousin sailed for India shortly afterwards, and we never saw him again; but I am sure that he told the story of his narrow escape from death on our avenue at many an Indian mess-table.

I do not know how we came to devise such a plan of revenge, but certainly it was not put into our minds by anything that we ourselves had known of, for our relations with our tenantry and with the people about us were always most friendly. It had not been so in the lawless days at the beginning of the century. The old house itself had, I think, been built with some view to defence, and could have been held easily enough against a mob unprovided with firearms. In my earliest childhood large flat stones still remained on all the upper window-sills, which had been placed there in readiness to be hurled down on the heads of attacking Whiteboys—or Terry-Alts, as the organization, which under varying names has played so large a part in Irish affairs, was generally called in Galway.

Another and a more tragic reminder of the Terry-Alts and their doings we had in a waif of lower degree, to whom also we gave shelter,—one of our servants, Sally Connolly by name. She must have been a middle-aged woman as I remember her; but years before, in her youth, her parents had in some way incurred the wrath of the Terry-Alts. Their cabin was attacked, the father savagely beaten, the mother held down on her own fire till she was severely burnt, and in the struggle Sally herself received an injury which lamed her for life. More than that, the terror of that wild night's work had

unhinged her mind, and left her ever after subject to periodical fits of religious mania. When this madness was at its height she wandered about the country, visiting the holy wells for many miles round about. Her appearance in itself was somewhat terrifying. Nature had intended her to be exceedingly tall, but the hurt she had received had drawn up and shortened one of her limbs very considerably. She disdained any artificial aid, and therefore when she stood on one foot she was a gigantic woman, but when she came down upon the other she became comparatively short. We used to meet her on the road, striding from one holy well to another, with the very singular gait engendered by this deformity, her long black hair streaming behind her; or else we would see her in the distance, on her knees, as she went her rounds at one of these sacred spots, saying the appointed patterns¹ and prayers. The first symptom that one of her attacks of mania was coming on was always that Sally ceased to fasten up her hair, and we children used to announce, quite as a matter of course—

"Sally Connolly's going mad again; she's got her hair hanging down."

Not unfrequently a member of the family on going up to bed would find Sally crouched by the bedroom fire, with her tresses hanging about her, wringing her hands and rocking herself to and fro. Everybody knew her to be harmless, and it never occurred to anyone to regard her as an undesirable member of the household. "The poor afflicted creature!" was all that was said; and we waited in patience till Sally's madness should have developed sufficiently for her to quit the house and take to her wanderings.

¹ A corruption of *Pater Noster*, a certain number of which, with *Aves* and other prayers, according to the object of the suppliant's desire, are appointed to be said at each holy well.

After a few weeks the mad fit wore itself out, and she returned to us and to her domestic duties.

Beside every holy well in Ireland there is planted a bush, on which the votaries who come with their prayers to the little hallowed pool hang each of them a rag, gay-colored at the first, but bleaching soon in the sun and rain to the same neutral tint of yellowish gray. A visitor to our house asked Sally once, when sanity had for the time being returned, what was the purpose of those fluttering fragments of worsted and cotton.

"You cannot think, surely, that the saints in Heaven need those bits of rag to remind them of your prayers?"

"Troth, no," was the quick-witted answer, "no more than your good friends in the grand houses where yous go visitin' would be wantin' to be remembered of you. But you lave the little white ticketeens all that same, to let the quality know you'd been in it, and them little docketts an' the rags, as you call them, are the one thing."

It was not always from incipient madness that the servants left their tresses unbound. It proceeded sometimes from slovenliness. One of my aunts, who was of a literary turn, meeting the housemaid with her hair hanging in luxuriant disarray on her shoulders, said indignantly to her—

"One would think you were Ophelia!"

"Faith, thin," returned the damsel, no wise dismayed, "if 'Faylia had as much turf an' wather to carry, it's no wonder she'd look like me."

She no doubt imagined 'Faylia to be a rival housemaid in some neighboring establishment.

The ordinary wages of a servant in those days were £4 a year. Our cook received £8, and therewith highwater mark was supposed to have been reached. Only one or two of the head servants were allowed tea; the others, as also we children, lived on oatmeal

stirabout, potatoes, and milk, all produced upon the estate, and costing therefore, so to say, nothing. Under such conditions it was easy to maintain a numerous retinue, and ours equalled that of a high-placed Anglo-Indian official of the present day. There was the turf-boy, whose duty it was to fill the turf-boxes, the cavernous receptacles throughout the house from which the fires were supplied; the boy who pumped the water, and the boy who drove the cows: the main difference between our ragged regiment and the dusky retainers of an Indian bungalow being, that whereas with the latter it is matter of caste and honor to do their own special work and that alone, ours were mostly eager to do anything which was not their rightful business, and to leave that undone.

Not the least important person in the household was Sally Sweeny, whom from the nature of her avocation we dubbed "Sally Forth." Twice a week, summer and winter, sun and rain, she walked—or as she herself expressed it, "slipped"—into Galway, eleven Irish miles distant, and out again to do the family shopping, deliver notes and messages, and execute commissions. She could neither read nor write, yet she never made a mistake in any direction given her, or delivered a letter or parcel save at its rightful destination. She was frequently entrusted with considerable sums of money by various members of the family, and could carry the most complicated reckonings in her head, accounting on her return for every farthing received with the utmost accuracy. She always went barefoot—not from poverty, for she carried her shoes and stockings with her, but for ease in walking. A little wood just outside Galway served her and most other country-women as a dressing-room, where they donned their *chaussure* before entering the streets of the town. The distances the peas-

antry traversed on foot were indeed extraordinary. On one occasion my father had gone up to a fishing-lodge which he had in the mountains, and after his arrival there discovered to his vexation that he had forgotten to bring any letter-paper with him, while he had an important letter to write. However, on expressing his annoyance at his own forgetfulness to the caretaker in charge of the lodge, he made light of the difficulty.

"What would ail me that I wouldn't slip into Galway for your honor?" he demanded.

And into Galway he accordingly slipped,—forty Irish miles there and back across the mountains,—and returned triumphant with—one sheet of letter-paper!

Hughie Caulfield, the gardener, I have mentioned before. He was something of a scholar, and a philosopher to boot, more given to meditation and to leisurely ruminating than to any over-exertion in digging and trenching. Being found asleep in the sunny greenhouse one spring afternoon when the grapes were setting, he thus excused himself for his neglect of duty—"I was that onaisy in me mind about thim grapes I cudn't stop awake."

He took no little pride in his learning, and was once overheard expounding that most vexed question of Reformation history to one of his subordinates after the following fashion—

"Says Thomas a Beckett to Henry the Elighth, 'Ye can't marry Anna Bullen,' says he. 'And for why not?' says Henry. 'Sure, she's yer own daughter, man,' says he. 'The divil may care who's daughter she is,' says Henry, 'I'll marry her.'"

Beggars were known to us as "God-save-all-heres," that being the salutation with which they entered the kitchen, seating themselves afterwards in the warm peat-reek by the fireside for a gossip and a meal. To have re-

fused them such hospitality would have been held not only derogatory to the dignity of the house, but also as certain to bring ill-luck upon it. The cook, whom, as dispenser of the kitchen bounties, they were all eager to propitiate, generally turned their services to account to pluck fowl for her, or turn the spit, which in my earliest years was still done by hand. It was considered a marvel of mechanical ingenuity when at a later date a clock-work contrivance was introduced, which was fastened to one corner of the kitchen ceiling, and from there, by means of a weight and a long chain, imparted the necessary rotary motion to the joint roasting before the fire.

Another duty which was left to such stray hangers-on was the collection of dandelions, their juice being a remedy decreed to my Indian aunt, who, like most Anglo-Indians of that date, had brought back from her long residence abroad what we called "a liver." There were, therefore, generally three or four old crones seated round a flat stone outside the kitchen-door, gabbling Irish and pounding vigorously at the green heap before them, till a wineglassful of a most nauseous fluid had been extracted. As the nearest medical practitioner resided in the town of Galway, we relied almost entirely upon home doctoring, and the prescriptions in vogue were mostly of the same primitive nature. If any one was considered to stand in need of a tonic or strengthening medicine, it was concocted by the simple expedient of heating the poker whitehot, and stirring a mug of porter therewith. Our poorer neighbors also came to us for medical advice, and I well remember any of them who were suffering from chills, or such ailments, being enjoined to take a hot bath, on their return home, in their churn, that being the only vessel in an Irish cabin capable of containing the human form. My grandfather, indeed, who was prin-

cipal medical adviser to the district, had but one sovereign remedy, which he prescribed with the utmost impartiality for all ailments of whatsoever nature they might be. He used to powder a huge lump of rhubarb on a pewter-plate—its being pulverized upon pewter being considered to play a very important part in the efficacy of the recipe—and blend it with a bottle of port. This he administered by spoonfuls to all who came to consult him. "The Masther's medicine" was held in high repute, and was more sought after than the prescriptions of a specialist would have been, if such had existed in those days.

The ordinary wages of a laborer at that time were five-pence a day, and we kept forty in constant employment. They dined every day in the haggard, called in from all parts of the farm by the clanging of the yard-bell. Amongst those who never failed to respond to the summons was one strangely assorted couple. The steward, having been sent to a neighboring fair to purchase a pig, intended in due time to replenish the household stores of ham and bacon, reported on his return that he had bought "a nate, cliver, grave, gay little pig." The animal possessed of so many and somewhat conflicting qualities was of the true old Galway breed, lean and long-legged as a greyhound, and possessed, moreover, of a turn of speed and staying powers not common to the porcine tribe. By what means Sal—for so with total disregard of sex we named him—arrived at an understanding with Chance our pointer, no one ever knew. Every morning, however, as soon as they were set free from kennel and sty, they set out together for the woods, where they hunted in company—Chance working his way into the rabbit-holes to bolt the rabbits, and Sal standing in readiness to pounce on the prey as it came out, after which they shared the spoils

of the chase in strict amity. A few moments, however, after the mid-day bell had clanged out its summons they always came into sight, Chance leading, but Sal a good second, coming at a brisk trot, and grunting louder and yet more loudly the nearer he drew to the promised land, where a meal of potato skins and other leavings of the workmen's dinner awaited them both.

This partnership was deemed so remarkable that Sal's life was spared on account of it, and he was suffered to attain to an age far beyond the span usually allotted to pigs. He lived in a house of his own apart from the other pigs, and grew to an enormous size, developing a huge pair of curved tusks. He became so savage at last that it was found necessary to slaughter him. Age and hard exercise, however, had made his flesh so tough that it was quite unfit for consumption.

The people were wondrously superstitious. In the fairies—whom they generally alluded to mysteriously as "them"—more especially they had the profoundest belief; and every untoward circumstance or incident not easily to be accounted for was set down to their intervention. "This avenue is no road to be thravellin' by night," said an indignant maid to my grandmother, who would have sent her on an errand in the dusk. "As soon as it's dark it's as thick as blades of grass wid little men on horses, an' caps on the heads of ivery one of them." The caps somehow seemed to be the most appalling part of the fairy vision.

My father from one of his visits to Dublin had brought back a small musical-box, then a very recent invention. In the evening, after dinner, he wound it up and hid it under a pile of cloaks in the hall. In a few moments all the servants rushed up from below stairs with blanched and terror-stricken faces.

"The Lord Almighty look on us an' kape us from harm this night! We're ruined and destroyed—it's the fairy music!"

One firmly rooted belief in the west of Ireland was that before the downfall or extinction of any ancient family the elfin minstrels were heard to play outside the doomed mansion. It is still believed that before the fatal illness of our kinsman Thomas Martin, the last owner of Connemara, the fairy music circled round and round the old family home of Ballynahinch.

Another time a sudden commotion below stair heralded the arrival of an affrighted messenger at the drawing-room door to announce in a hushed whisper that there were fairies downstairs. Naturally we all, grown-ups and children, lost no time in descending to the lower regions, where we found the servants clustered in one of the dark stone-flagged passages, gazing awestricken and from a respectful distance at a faint greenish radiance, which could be discerned in the gloom playing on one of the walls. My grandmother, who knew nothing of science, but deemed it highly inexpedient that the house should acquire a reputation for supernatural visitants of any sort, commanded a bucket of water to be brought and thrown against the wall, as the readiest means of putting an end to the fairies and their doings. So far, however, from this quenching the fairy lights, they only shone out more brightly than before, and the exclamations and other manifestations of terror redoubled in volume and intensity. It was left to one of the gentlemen of the party to hit upon the true explanation of the phenomenon, which was nothing more than that some fish had recently been hung up at that spot, and that the unearthly gleam was caused by the phosphorescence of their scales still adhering to the wall. This solution of

the mystery was received with scant favor and many headshakings by the household.

Our education—at least the more ornamental portion thereof—was carried on by a system of peripatetic teachers. Our French, our drawing, and our music masters each possessed a pony and gig, with which they went the round of the County Galway, driving themselves from one house to the next in which a young family was growing up, and remaining a week at each halting-place, during which there was nothing but music played, or French talked, or pencil-drawings executed, as the case might be. Three or four times a year they came to us thus upon their educational round. I do not know what honorarium they received for the week's instruction, but I know that it was not always convenient to pay it in coin of the realm. On such occasions my grandfather would present them with a calf instead, and give it grazing till it had developed into a salable beast. I fancy there were not many estates on the visiting lists of these professors of the gentler arts on which they had not generally a head or two of cattle at grass, and that they did not suffer by such transactions.

Another individual whose home, so to say, was upon the road, was a certain Tom Blakeney, a wit and *raconteur*. He, too, owned a horse and trap, and used to drive boldly into the stable-yard of whatever mansion he intended to honor with his presence, where he would have his horse put up, and order his portmanteau to be carried indoors, after which he made his way to the drawing-room, trusting to his conversational powers to procure him a favorable reception. Once established, he used to remain till he had wearied of his surroundings, or till the patience of his hosts showed signs of being exhausted, when he would move on to

fresh quarters. He was the only being towards whom I ever knew my grandfather display any inhospitality, but it was sometimes necessary to give Tom Blakeney a hint that he had worn out his welcome.

"Are you driving to Galway to-day?" my grandfather asked him pointedly on one such occasion.

Tom Blakeney looked from the window and shrugged his shoulders.

"Too bad a day, sir," he said.

"Not half so bad as the day you came," was the significant answer.

When he did at length take his departure, my father, standing on the steps to speed our parting guest, asked,

"Where's your next billet, Tom?"

"Haven't a notion," he responded carelessly. "Depends what way the wind's blowing when I get to the gate."

One of my earliest recollections is of the wedding of the only son of one of our nearest neighbors. The bride lived on the other side of Lough Corrib, the long narrow lake which separates the wild mountain regions of Connemara and Iar-Connaught from the rest of the County Galway, and according to general custom the newly married couple were to take up their abode with the bridegroom's parents in the old family home. The bridegroom himself crossed the lake by the ferry to Headfort for the wedding ceremony; but his father and mother drove the lengthy round in a cabriolet, then the most fashionable form of conveyance. It was a hooded gig, with a board hung on at the back, intended for a powdered lackey to stand upon. How such a modish equipage had found its way into our western wilds I do not know, but it had been arranged that after the wedding breakfast the bridegroom should drive his newly wedded wife home in the cabriolet, whilst his parents remained for a few days' visit to those of the bride—no further honeymoon being considered

necessary. When, however, the hour of departure arrived, the youthful bride was seized with a sudden fit of shyness, and declared that nothing would induce her to set out alone with "a strange man." Entreaties and persuasions were all in vain.

"It was quite pretty of her, poor dear," the old lady said, retailing the story to us afterwards; "but she vowed nothing would induce her to go with George, unless his father and I came too."

Nothing remained, therefore, but for the old couple to mount again into the cabriolet, and take the bride to sit bodkin between them, whilst the happy bridegroom, *faute de mieux*, had to seat himself behind on the board intended for the lackey's feet. The town of Galway stands on the narrow neck between the southern end of Lough Corrib and the sea, and in this fashion did the bridal party drive through the streets, with the bridegroom's long legs trailing in the mud behind him.

Lough Corrib cut us dwellers in Iar-Connaught off from much of the social life of the country; but there was nothing perhaps which we as a family regretted so much as that it precluded our becoming followers of the hounds, or taking any share in the hunting for which Galway was famous then as now, save when we might chance to be invited to some hospitable mansion upon the other side of the water for a meet or hunt-breakfast. I remember one of my aunts returning in deep disgust from one such visit. "The men," she declared, "were hunting the fox, but the women were hunting James Daly,"—the heir to an old Galway estate, who had made his first appearance in the hunting-field after his return from the Grand Tour, then considered an indispensable part of the education of every young man of position.

Women did, however, hunt in more

legitimate fashion and with more zeal than this judgment would imply—as one member of the Galway hunt found to his cost. A lady's crutch broke as she was jumping a wall,—there was no third pommel in those days,—and she came somewhat heavily to the ground. A man who rode up dismounted gallantly to assist her. What, however, was his dismay when the distressed fair one, having regained her feet, gathered about her the trailing skirt which ladies in the early 'Forties rode in, and scrambled nimbly on to his horse. Sitting sideways on his saddle, she rode the run out, taking every fence like a bird, whilst her rescuer was left standing disconsolate, staring blankly after her.

The *coup d'œil* of a Galway meet sixty years ago would make a modern up-to-date sportsman stare. The business side of hunting, the art of riding to show off or sell a mount, was unthought of then: it was for sport, and for sport alone, that the followers of the hunt came together. Girls were there in skirts, innocent of the tailor's art, which had been originally fashioned for other wear than in the hunting-field; men in country-built suits,—but all prepared to ride to the utmost. Shaggy and ill-groomed many of the horses might be, but it was wonderful how they could negotiate the notable stone walls of Galway; and to prevent the scuffling of knees and fetlocks against those obstructions, many riders, regardless of appearance, had those parts bound about with swathings of cloth and felt, more or less artistically tied round them. When a covert proved blank, word was passed round where the next draw was to be; and a scurry and scamper across country ensued, and many an impromptu point-to-point race was thus ridden.

Every one has heard of the Galway Blazers, but few know how that far-famed pack came by its name. In

the earlier part of the last century not long after the Galway Hunt had been established, the Master received a hospitable invitation to come over the border into Clare with hounds and huntsmen, and to bring as many of the followers of the pack as chose to bear him company, for a day's hunting. The sport was of the best: of the best, too, was the feasting which followed. Too good, indeed, it is to be feared, was it; for in the small hours of the morning the hospitable mansion which had given shelter to the Hunt was discovered to be ablaze, and as none of the company was capable of rendering efficient aid to extinguish it, they had even to let it blaze till it was burnt to the ground. It was as the Blazers that the Hunt returned to Galway, and the Galway Blazers they have been ever since.

One of the Masters of those early days who is still had in remembrance, and of whom many stories are told, was John Dennis, a keen sportsman, a fearless and daring rider, and withal the kindest of men. He never indulged in the vituperation which is considered more befitting to M.F.H.'s than to ordinary mortals. His sister was to the full as zealous for sport as he was himself, and as unfailing in her appearance in the hunting-field; and it was to her he used to address himself when rebuke was needed. "Hold hard, Isabella!" he would shout if any over-ardent spirits were pressing unduly on the hounds. Isabella might be half a field off and guiltless of trespass; but she understood, and so did the Hunt.

His forbearance in this respect incurred the contempt of an English groom who had recently taken service in Galway, and who had been accustomed to a more forcible code of ob-jurgatives. "'E ain't got no way with him," he declared indignantly, "with his 'May I trouble you to move?' and 'Would you kindly stand to one side?'"

Where I comes from it's 'Hi! you bloomin' fool on a bay 'oss, d'ye think ye're stuck there for an ornament?' or 'Go to — out o' that, and crack yer whip there!'"

John Dennis's favorite hunter was Ghuznee, a black horse of eighteen hands, so wicked that he had been given to him because no one else dared ride him. Dennis was wont to mount him blindfolded and in the stable: he always rode him with a checkbit nearly a foot long, but I think he rarely made use of the power this gave him. Once riding Ghuznee at a steeple-chase in the county Cork, he was leading when, halfway round the course, his left rein broke. John Dennis, however, was not the man to give in for such a trifle, and with his whip he steered Ghuznee in to victory.

He had another horse called Almanzor, which was what is known as moon-blind—that is to say, he was more blind at certain times than at others. He had entered Almanzor for a point-to-point race near the town of Galway, and on the day of the race, when he rode out upon the course, a friend sidled up to him and inquired in an anxious undertone—

"How's the horse to-day, John?"

"Very bad," was the whispered answer.

"But surely you won't ride him; you may come to most serious grief," remonstrated the friend.

"Well, you see, the fellows have their money on," Dennis returned; "I'm bound to make the best fight I can for them."

The course marked out was a desperate one, natural, not artificial, over wellnigh thirty stone walls, and walls such as are only built in the stony lands surrounding Galway, where the object is quite as much to dispose of the superabundant stones as to construct a fence. Almanzor kneed one or two of the walls, but John Dennis, by

sheer strength and horsemanship, absolutely lifted him over those formidable obstructions, and brought him in second.

A well-known figure in the hunting-field in those days was Corney Kilkelly, one of the class known in Ireland as squireens, the best definition of which may be that given us by Sally Forth, already mentioned,—“the very best of commonalty, jist next to quality.” However that may be, there could be no doubt that Corney was a thorough good fellow, a hard rider, who knew a good horse when he saw one, and was seldom without that most desirable possession himself. It chanced once that the hunt had to traverse a plantation, fenced as such enclosures usually are in Ireland by a loose-built stone wall, topped by a rusty wire, from which there was but one practicable gap. At this strategic point Corney’s horse, a new acquisition, inconveniently swerved, whirled round, and fell to bucking and kicking in a fashion that not only was exasperating to his rider, but effectually blocked the egress of the rest of the field, who, bottled up to the rear, had to look on at the battle, with such calm as they could, and at the hounds, followed by those few who had had the luck to emerge previously, vanishing across the fields. An Englishman, lately come to live on the confines of the county, who was unknown by sight to Corney, as Corney was to him, lost his temper, and broke into maledictions on horse and rider, more vigorous even than were justified by the situation.

“What d’ye call yerself?” roared back Corney, still holding the gap against all comers on his plunging steed. “If there’s any mimber of this hunt will say ye’re a gintleman, I’ll horse-whip ye meself.”

One constant and well-known Blazer had a mare, a trifle touched in the wind, but hard to beat none the less.

He rode her to a standstill in one hard run, till she foundered under him in a ditch. As he disengaged himself, somewhat crestfallen, from his stirrups, John Dennis on Ghuznee thundered past.

“Give her that, my boy, and she’ll be all right in a trice!” he shouted, tossing him a phial from his waistcoat-pocket.

The potion was duly administered but failed of the magical and instantaneous effect hoped for. Another of the field, coming up, slackened speed to inquire into the nature of the disaster, whereupon the dismounted rider, not to be balked of his sport, vaulted up behind him, after the fashion in which the Knights Templars depicted themselves as riding, and the two men rode the last three miles of one of the fastest runs on record together, and finished in at the death. The feat is remembered in Galway to this day.

I can recall receiving a much-prized invitation to accompany some of the older members of the family to a hospitable friend’s house for the occasion of a meet. Unfortunately, however, the weather on the important day proved of the worst,—too tempestuous for even a Galway foxhunter to venture out in. As the disconsolate Nimrods lounged idly in the drawing-room, sorely at a loss how to employ themselves, one of them was wearily turning over the books that lay upon the table, in the somewhat forlorn hope of extracting amusement therefrom.

“Poetry!” he said in tones of disgust, as he took up one volume, a Shakespeare as it chanced. “Now who wants to read stuff of that sort? Oh, come, though”—with rekindled interest—“here’s something that sounds better. The Taming of the Screw—now that might be worth reading.”

All masters of hounds and secretaries of hunts have known the worry of apportioning hen-money amongst the

many just and unjust claimants for it, but probably not many have had it demanded of them in such grandiloquent terms as were employed on Bridget Coolahan's behalf in a document which now lies before me. Written on thin paper, yellow with age, and wreathed round with pen-flourishes, it is headed "*Ecce Iterum*," as if to show that Latin was as familiar to the writer as calligraphy and the loftier heights of the English language.

"*Honored Sir*," it runs,—"*The Bearer, Bridget Coolahan, has come by a very great Loss. That infernal insidious Quadruped (vulgarly called a fox) Proverbial for his Machiavellianism, has in his nocturnal Perambulations converted the poor woman's poultry-yard into a scene of Mortality. No less than 13 of her fowl has fell victims to his insatiable ungovernable fury. She places her affiance in your well-known Benevolence, and expects that you will make good her loss.*"

Across the memories of all who can look back sixty years or more the shadow of the Great Famine lies like a dividing line, separating the old life

Blackwood's Magazine.

of Ireland, and of Galway, from the new. It was in the autumn of '47, before men had realized to the full the horror of the visitation which had come upon the land, that the old pack of the Blazers went out for what was to prove its last meet. The hounds vanished in the first covert into which they were thrown as though they had been swallowed up. Not a whimper or a rustle betrayed their whereabouts. In vain the horn sounded the note of recall more and more insistently, the silence remained unbroken, till at length one of the huntsmen dismounted, to push his way on foot through the furze and briars of the covert. He fled back, white and panic-stricken, for the hounds, gathered together in the thick undergrowth, were devouring the dead body of a man. As the awful whisper went round the field, each man without a word turned his horse's head and rode home, sick at heart. It was the Master himself who flogged the hounds from their ghastly feast, and led them back in silence to the kennels. That night he shot with his own hand every hound who had been inside the covert. It was many a long day before the Blazers went out again.

THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER IV.

When Mistress Meg came back to the castle after her morning adventure, she was not over sorry to find that her grandfather had gone to bed, objugating Sir Thomas for the length of his mass, and too weary to wait for her greetings.

Meg lay for a few sleepless hours, then rose and attended the Christmas service in the castle chapel, wondering a little that she saw and heard nothing

of Lord Marlowe. She would not speak of him to Dame Kate, still less to Alice Tilney, and it was in silence and with long faces that they both waited upon her. If the truth were told, while the old woman was angry and anxious, Alice was afraid.

When at last Margaret was called to her grandfather, she told them both to stay behind, and went into his room alone. Now the cold white light of the snow was streaming in, but the glory of the evening before was all gone; a

fresh fall had covered streets and fields inches thick. Sir William stared gloomily at the crackling fire, and his Christmas welcome to the child of his heart seemed weighted with the heavy chill of the day.

She knelt and asked for his blessing: he gave it absently, lifelessly; and then she sat on a stool at his feet and looked up into the kind old eyes that gazed strangely upon her. "Does he know?" the girl said to herself. "Have the mischievous wretches told him? Could they not leave it to me? Have I ever deceived him, and will Harry make me begin now?"

But one might very courageously ask one's self these questions, and yet find it difficult to brave Sir William's fierce anger, if he had resolved to send Lord Marlowe away rejected. Meg waited for what her grandfather might say. The old face softened as it bent towards her, though a certain sadness and bewilderment remained.

"Ay, to be sure! My pretty Meg has come for her Christmas-box," Sir William muttered; and the girl said to herself, with a touch of dismay in spite of all, "No, they have not told him,—and I must."

"There is only one Christmas-box I want, Grandfather," she said hurriedly, as the old man stretched out his thin hand, on which the veins stood out like cords, to take a box of Eastern wood from the table near him. "Give me nothing else, pray,—" for he hesitated, looking at her, but with no sign of anger, so that she went on boldly, though her beating heart sent the red blood flying into her face. "I mean, if you will not give me that,—that which I want—all other gifts are nothing, for the convent will be the one home for me. Grandfather, listen, wait and listen; may I choose my husband?"

Sir William did not answer instantly, but his look became heavier under Meg's imploring gaze. Without a word

he took the box, opened it, and lifted out of their velvet nest several strings of large and most beautiful pearls. With their rich creamy lustre, which seemed to suggest a world of color more wonderful than that of rubies and emeralds, they glowed in the gray and chilly room. Sir William flung them round Margaret's neck, tenderly touching her brown hair.

"These are yours, pearl of pearls," he said. "They were your mother's before you. As to husbands, what do you know of them? Leave such choice to your elders, pretty one."

Meg took the old hand and laid her cheek against it, while she caressed the jewels that so well became her white neck. "If your choice agrees with mine, Grandfather," she said. "Tell me, of your goodness, what will you say to him?"

"What? To Harry Marlowe?"

There was a touch of threatening, almost a growl, in the old man's voice. Meg only answered by slightly turning her soft cheek and touching his hand with her lips.

"'Tis this Marlowe you want for a husband?"

The reply was the same.

"Now may Our Lady and all the Saints teach me what I ought to do, for I shall soon be as mad as Harry himself," said Sir William, and he trembled as he spoke. "Meg, my lass, I was warned weeks ago to have nothing to do with this man. I would not believe Sir Thomas, when he told me 'twas common knowledge he was crazy. I left his name in my will as executor,—right or wrong, the Lord knows; but when I wrote on your affairs to my Lady his step-mother how should I know she would send him, as he says she did, to ask you in marriage?"

"What could she do better?" said Margaret. "What fault have you to find with him, Grandfather?"

"Fault! What fault? Why, that he is crazy! Is the lass so blind as not to see that? Cupid has bandaged your pretty eyes, truly. A handsome man, I grant, but old enough to be your father, and with the queerest fashions of his own. To see him burn those letters,—now why, I ask you, should he burn them at all? It was a mighty strange thing to do. 'Fore God, I never saw a crazier thing. Tony finds a way to explain that, but I don't like it any better. 'Tis a choice between craft and craziness, it seems to me; and I shall not give my Meg to a crafty man or to a crazy one."

"But you will give her to Harry Marlowe," said Meg, very low. "You will give her to him as he asks you, this very day; and she will ride north with him to serve the Queen, her god-mother."

"Why, on my faith, madness is catching, it seems!" the old man said, and fairly laughed. He put his fingers under her chin, and turned up her face to his. It was blushing and proud, the white teeth just showing in a defiant smile, the lovely brown eyes full of fire. It was the face of a woman desperately in love, who meant to have her own way. To such a face, the will of an old grandfather was likely to signify little. "You have set your fancy on this man?" Sir William said, growing grave again as he looked at her.

"My fancy?—nay, my heart and soul!" she answered him. Then she added, "It is because they cannot understand him that they call him crazy."

"Tony finds him not so hard to understand, yet he makes me like him none the better."

"Tony! What has Tony to do with him?" the girl said scornfully. "Can not you then believe me, the only one who truly knows him?"

"And how, my fair mistress, do you know him better than your elders do?"

"Because I talked with him in the street as we came back from midnight mass, Grandfather."

"You talked with him in the street!"

A cloud of anger was gathering on the old man's brow, his eyes were darkening before the storm. "Where was your nurse,—Alice Tilney,—the men who attended you?"

"I left them. I went with Harry aside into Ditch Lane, and we,—we talked with each other."

Sir William swore an oath which half choked him, and tried to rise, pushing the girl from him, but she clung to his knees. He wrenched himself away from her, made a few faltering steps and leaned upon the table. "Where are they all?" he cried. "They shall be put in the dungeon, every one of them! Giles and John deserve hanging! I'll send home Mistress Alice to King's Hall,—I should have done it long ago. As to old Kate, she may beg her bread on the roads, for I will have her here no longer. What, cannot my grandchild walk safely through my own streets? 'Fore God, 'tis time I was dead! but how will things be bettered then? Alas, my sons dead before me, how can the house fall to fall into ruin? Where is Marlowe,—villain more than madman—thou hadst it, Tony! Ditch Lane at night! fine doings for a gentlewoman! By heaven, were it for her misery, as it will be, he shall marry her now,—and with my curse! Nay, old fool, no such haste—"

His wandering eyes fell on Meg, still kneeling by his chair, and in that noble young face he saw no shame or tragedy, but only distress at his anger, unmixed with fear. The girl's look was so high, so innocent, that a sudden change came over his erratic spirit. From almost weeping with rage, he broke into a nervous laugh, and cried out: "Thou naughty lass, why frighten the old grandfather so? But mark my words, no more walking in dark lanes

with my Lord Marlowe or any other lord,—and those who were with you shall have a trouncing. He talked with you,—what did he say to you? Some of it I can guess, more's the pity."

Meg did not answer at once. She rose to her feet, came to her grandfather and linked her arm in his. Leaning heavily on her, he hobbled back and sank into his chair once more. She stood near him, tall and wonderfully beautiful, the Venetian pearls gleaming on her neck: she might have stepped straight, in her young majesty, out from some ancestral palace that mirrored itself in the great canal.

"What did he say?" the old man repeated. "That my lass was fit to be a queen? Ay, we know that. But in his own doings there seems some mystery. Is my Lady of one mind with him, or is this a mad fancy of the moment, as Tony thinks? He talks of hesitations, of whispers,—I know not what; he asks, why burn the letters, if they were the authority for his suit? He talks—"

"Oh, what is Tony to him or to me!" Margaret said impatiently, his own quick spirit mounting in her face. "Send for him,—speak to him face to face."

"Faith, and so I will," Sir William cried. "Tony, art there, lad?"

Margaret started slightly and looked round. The Italian glided out from a shadow behind the window, where the heavy curtains made an even deeper gloom. He had been sitting at a table, with a parchment before him, bending over it, so apparently absorbed, so utterly still, that no one would have guessed his presence there. He came with a laugh on his lips, which died away as he was touched with the haughty anger of Margaret's eyes. So he had been there, eaves-dropping! he had heard all she said to her grandfather, and the thoughtless old man had not cared enough for her dignity

to warn her. Yet it did not much matter; she was ashamed of nothing she had said.

Antonio's face changed as their eyes met; he turned a little pale, with an imploring look, as he passed her to stand before Sir William.

"Why did not you speak?" she said sharply, but very low.

"Was my speech needed?" he murmured in answer.

"Yes, to explain your odious thoughts," said Meg, and she stamped her foot on the floor.

Antonio came a step nearer, bent on one knee, took the hem of her gown and put his lips to it; then he looked up straight into her eyes. "You blame your old playfellow!" he said. "And if I am right, fair lady, what am I doing? Only paying tribute to a charm that drives men to strange expedients; at least, so is my fancy."

"Come, Tony," cried Sir William, "make your peace another day. Go now to my Lord Marlowe and ask his presence here."

The Italian sprang up and left the room without another word.

Meg looked uneasily at her grandfather; it was on her lips to complain of this betrayal, to ask why he had allowed her to suppose them alone, to pour out her heart to him in the presence of Antonio. But the weak flush on the old, agitated face seemed to silence her. It was only Antonio, after all, once the kind, clever playfellow, with whose Southern nature, low-born as he was, she felt a sort of kinship in this cold England, her father's country. There had been a time, not so long ago, when, as growing boy and little girl, the two had been inseparable. Now, since Alice Tilney had come, it was different. Antonio, her grandfather's servant and secretary, was no longer her brother and companion. He often made her angry now, and she despised him for certain of his ways;

neither did she quite trust him. The somewhat fawning manners of the man, his watchful eyes, his curious smile,—all this was an unpleasant change from the devoted, sweet-tempered boy of former years. His very beauty, when she looked at him now, was disturbing, repulsive. But these feelings had been of the vaguest, developing without her knowledge as time went on, devoid of any consequence,—for what was he to her?—till this Christmas Day woke them to activity. How dared this Tonio interpose his slim presence, his cunning explanations, between herself and Harry and her grandfather!

As she moved away to the window and stood there, looking down on the white deserted bridge, where fresh snow had covered up the footprints of the night and early morning, she was conscious of a great anger against Antonio, and it poisoned even the joyful memory of the evening before,—the golden world, and Harry Marlowe riding in, weary till he reposed in the welcome of her eyes. Then she said to herself: "Why am I uneasy? The wretch Tonio has guessed something of the truth, but what signifies that? Harry, if he will, can tell my grandfather all he has told me, and we three can settle the matter without interlopers. If I have to drive him out myself, Tonio shall not be here. Strange, that Harry does not come! How long, how long, my lord, my love! where are you?"

It seemed as if an hour might have gone by. Sir William closed his eyes, half dozing in his chair. The fire blazed up and lit the shadowy corners of the room. From the snowy fields beyond the river any one looking up would have seen Margaret's figure standing in the window, dark against the cheerful glow. At last in her impatience she turned, stepped down upon the floor, and paced up and down with

her eyes upon the door, the pearls shining softly as she moved. Once or twice she stopped and said,—“But where is he? Why does he not come?” and then she walked up to the door as if to open it, hesitated, turned back and looked at her grandfather. “I will not anger him again, he is too weak,” she said. “But oh, how can I wait longer!”

At last a quick step sprang up the stairs, a hand was on the door. Margaret paused in her walk, pressed her fingers to her heart for a moment, and stood quite still near her grandfather. She knew it was not Harry Marlowe.

Antonio opened the door without noise, and glided into the room. He gave her one glance, a very strange one; she thought afterwards that it spoke of both terror and triumph. Then he went up to Sir William and knelt down beside him, so that their faces were on a level. Margaret looked from one to the other.

“I have unexpected news,” he said; “’tis a mystery that no one can explain. Lord Marlowe is gone. It seems that he went north on foot very early this morning, when most of us were sleeping after the midnight mass. No one even saw him leave the castle, and he must have gone with some country people through the town gate. His men followed him two hours later. A gentleman came to Ralph the guard, who had charge of the west buildings where they slept, and brought a message from my Lord that they were to break their fast quickly and follow him on the north road bringing his horse with them. They went while the town was still asleep; only a few saw them go.”

Sir William stared wildly, still but half awake. Margaret stood like a stone, till she met the upward glance of Antonio's eyes. Her whole nature rose against that look of his. She

threw out both hands, crying suddenly, "It is false! He is not gone!"

Antonio looked down, his beautiful mouth curving softly into a smile. "I am a miserable man, to bring you such tidings," he said; "but it is truth, dear mistress!"

"I do not believe it," Meg repeated. "His men gone, you say? A gentleman with a message? What gentleman? Who brought them the message?"

"Ay, ay, Tony, who brought the message?" Sir William asked fiercely.

He had suddenly awoke to his full senses. With a hasty movement he seemed to spurn the young man from him, so that Antonio, springing to his feet with an angry flush, stood back a pace or two. Sir William put out his right hand and caught Margaret's left as she drew a little nearer to him.

"I cannot tell, Sir. Ralph did not know him," Antonio answered.

"Go, fetch Ralph, and come back here."

"What has happened, Grandfather? What will you do?" Margaret said trembling. "Oh, there is some villainy abroad. I fear,—I fear—"

"My poor Meg, I fear you must be convinced against your will," the old man said tenderly, caressing the hand he held. "Are not these the doings of a madman? One day he arrives, he asks for your hand, in so strange a fashion that those who love you are driven to believe that there is truth in the stories they hear of him. Then,—what man in his senses, if he desired,—most unreasonably—to speak with you alone, would not have found a better place than Ditch Lane, a more seemly hour than one of the morning? And now,—to leave the town on foot, alone, over the moorland in the snow, without farewell to you or me, without my answer to his suit,—a message to his men to follow him northwards! If the man be not crazy, what is he,

Meg?" The girl stood silent. After a moment Sir William went on: "I see it all, Meg. He is either crazy or wicked. Hark to what Tony thinks, what he warned me of last night. Nay, start not away so; Tony has a quick brain, and loves thee and me. When my Lord came into this room and set his eyes on you, Tony heard him say,—to himself, as it were—'Too good for the Popinjay!' Ah, but hark a moment longer. When he began to ask for you in marriage, in his strange sudden way, Tony is sure that it was for his brother, not himself, he was speaking. But 'twas Tony who put his real thought into a word for him. 'Yourself, my Lord!' quoth Tony in a whisper,—did you hear him? Marlowe did, and took it up like a parrot or a popinjay. 'Myself!' says he. Talk of popinjays! 'tis the nickname they give Dick his brother, my Lady's son. Poor woman, if she charged Harry to plead his cause, as Tony thinks, she was ill-guided enough. And 'twas a bold and a necessary thing for him to burn her letters. But the man's a knave, if all this be true, and I suppose this morning he has repented of his knavery, and so gone on his way."

"Ah," Meg said quietly, "it was Tony who whispered? My Lord thought it was I."

"What?" gasped Sir William.

But the girl quickly checked herself. If her grandfather was ready to blame Harry Marlowe for what Antonio, with more than good reason, guessed him to have done, it was not she who would prove it against him. Not a word of his passionate confession should pass her lips.

"All I can tell," she said, low but very positively, "is that Lord Marlowe has sworn I shall be his. And I am his for evermore. He has done us high honor, you and me. He is neither wicked nor crazy. If he be gone,—he is the Queen's man, and some mes-

senger from the Queen must have called him secretly. He will come back, and I will wait for him upon my knees. But I am not sure; I think he is not gone; I think some evil—"

The door opened and Antonio came in, followed by a man-at-arms, whose stupid face was flushed with Christmas cheer. Margaret looked hard into the velvet shadow of Antonio's eyes—was he false or true?—and suddenly she saw her lover's fate there. She made a step with hands outspread, faltered and dropped upon the floor, falling her length, with all her brown hair loose and long, at the feet of these men entering.

Later, when with tears and sobs from

old Kate, and stony terror on the face of Alice Tilney, she had been carried away, still as if dead, to her own room, Sir William, his voice and his whole frame shaking, called Antonio to his side.

"Your pen, Tony!" he said. "Sit you down and write a letter to my Lady Marlowe. Ask the meaning of these things,—tell all that has come to pass, and how her mad stepson's doings have well-nigh killed my Margaret."

"Ah, dear Sir, 'tis the shock, she will recover," Antonio said in his softest voice, and smiled with an exquisite tenderness. "Let us wish Queen Margaret joy of her knight,—on his way to her!" he added inaudibly.

Macmillan's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY IN AMERICA.*

This little, unpretending volume has yet something about it of greatness. It is a sincere and simple record of a great occasion, honestly, faithfully, and diligently turned to advantage. The first visit of an Archbishop of Canterbury to the English-speaking population of the New World must always in a sense have been an event,—a memorable moment, at any rate, in the chronicle of ecclesiastical history. But it might have been no more. It was a "Christian opportunity," to use the phrase which the Archbishop happily seizes on to describe it. But it might have been only an opportunity lost. Archbishop Davidson did not lose it. By God's grace he was enabled to make much, very much, of it,—much that appears already, much more that will have its quiet influence for the future. The striking success of the visit came

as a surprise both to himself and to the world in general. That it should have surprised himself may be set down to his modesty. The world was surprised because it has hardly quite realized the Archbishop for what he is. He is, in truth, a very remarkable man. With no particular advantages, he has risen to the first ecclesiastical position in the English-speaking communities, and he has done so more rapidly than any of his recent predecessors. He is not a great orator, or a great divine, or a great scholar; he is not at first sight gifted with the genius for sympathy or the personal fascination which have often aided and sometimes betrayed, great and successful prelates and pastors. He is, indeed, far more of each and all of these than is often understood. He is an excellent speaker, a sound and well-informed

* "The Christian Opportunity: being Sermons and Speeches Delivered in America." By Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of

Canterbury. London: Macmillan and Co. [8s. 6d. net.]

theologian; his Life of his father-in-law is written with a skill and propriety and charm which many scholars and men of letters miss; and, as all admit, he has the temper and sagacity of a statesman. But in this visit, and in these addresses and sermons, he showed these qualities raised to a higher power. They have an eloquence, a vividness, and an interest which it is impossible not to feel. If, as Disraeli said, one of the most conspicuous marks of genius is rising to the occasion, the Archbishop may be said to have shown here just that with which he had not hitherto been credited, genius. What was the cause? Something, no doubt, was due to the occasion itself; but more was due to a cause far deeper and higher,—the spirit and the aim with which he went. There is a shock and a stimulus in the New World, especially to one who belongs to, and represents much that is oldest in, the Old. To step from Lambeth on Thames-side to the St. Lawrence with Quebec and Montreal is to experience a startling contrast. But this is in reality a very small part of the matter. Far more important is it that the Archbishop went as an apostle and in the truly apostolic spirit, an apostle of that simple Gospel which is new among the old, and old among the new, which overleaps both space and time.

This it was that gave him a simplicity, a forgetfulness of self, which is the greatest secret of the potency of these addresses and sermons. It is wonderful how the old apostolic methods and apostolic phrases seem to suit the situation. It has been said that nothing could be less like St. Paul than an Archbishop of Canterbury. Yet Archbishop Davidson is best described in terms of the methods and the language of St. Paul. We see him here becoming in the best sense "all things to all men,"—to the Americans an American; to the Canadians a Cana-

dian. What could be more happy than his generous tribute ("as one of your own historians has said") to the Jesuit missionaries of early Canadian days, spoken in that historic city the most conspicuous object of which is the glittering roof of the Laval College; or, again, than the allusions in the same address to "the open Bible in the English tongue," to the Bishop of New York, and the great New England poet.

The Archbishop has not been thought of as a great man. He nowhere claims that title; indeed, he disclaims it. He is there to fulfil his duty and his mission, "only caring to be great but as he saves or serves" the Church and the cause whose minister and missionary he is. But he does not disclaim or disparage his position. He "magnifies his office," or, as the Revised Version more faithfully renders it, he "glorifies his ministry." He holds it no little thing that at last, in the fulness of time, it should be given to the Archbishop of Canterbury to speak to the New World. "Popes of a new world," *Papae alterius orbis*, the Archbishops of Canterbury were, indeed, called long ago in a famous phrase. That title he does not covet. "Not a pope but a pivot," is his own description of himself, "a human centre, round whom the work of the English Church and the English-speaking Churches may revolve," and who thus by giving them a common centre may help toward their essential unity and co-operation. For this was the real text of the Archbishop's sermons, that the English race are brethren, and that that large brotherhood may lead up to the still larger unity and brotherhood of Christianity. Much, he feels, under God's providence, Christianity owed to the Graeco-Roman system, with all its faults; to that pagan Empire, combining the work of Alexander and of Caesar, under which St. Paul was born and educated and worked. Much it might still owe to the British

Empire; still more to the English-speaking race. It was his large and liberal grasp of this idea that made the Archbishop so fully at home in the New World. He is filled with hope. He feels the sense not only of a new world but of a new era. "No other period of Christendom," he said in the memorable and typical "Salutation" at Washington, the central point of a great service on behalf of Christian unity at which, it is said, not less than thirty-five thousand persons were present—"no other period of Christendom can compare with ours in the possibilities which are set within our reach. No other part of Christendom, as I firmly believe, can do for the world what we on either side of the sea can do for it, if we only will. God give us grace to answer to that inspiring call!"

The moments in this opportunity were many. We follow the Archbishop as he lands in "fair and famous Quebec," then up the wide-flowing St. Lawrence to Montreal, on to the Great Lakes and Toronto; then to the quiet country church in North-East Harbor where he preached his first sermon on the soil of the United States; next to sunny Washington, and to Philadelphia, in its very name the City of Brotherly Love; then to busy New York, and last to Boston and the many-memoried Faneuil Hall. Everywhere the same dominating note resounds through different harmonies. "I am conscious," he said at Philadelphia, in language which was received, we read, with great and continued applause, "that the words that have been spoken to-day, and the reception given them, are meant to express what you feel about the Church of which we are members, the absolute oneness of our Church, the almost oneness of our na-

tions." "We are one," he went on, "in heart and soul and resolve, whether as citizens or Churchmen." "The courtesy of your act to-day," he said in Faneuil Hall, "is another instance of the strength of those links which bind our peoples, as it seems to me, absolutely, indissolubly, together . . . links which nothing, so far as I can see, that can in the changes and chances of life come about, is likely to sever or impair." "We join hands," he said in concluding the last address contained in these pages, that to the Evangelical ministers and Methodist students at Boston,—“we join hands in behalf of a common cause, the setting forward of our Master's kingdom, both in the Old World and the New. . . . That our gathering may with God's grace cement more closely what is deepest and best in the bonds which unite us across the sea in matters national, religious, moral, and social is my eager wish and shall be my continuous and anxious prayer.”

Straight, simple, terse, there is something soldierly, something that reminds of a very different theme and volume—Caesar's *Commentaries*—in these brief utterances. They are the speeches of a practical, sagacious, shrewd man, stirred to deep emotion. They move and touch the reader because the speaker was touched and moved in no common way. To all who hope for and long to help our age, to the true Christian and the true patriot on both sides of the seas, in the new home where the speaker spent so happy and fruitful a sojourn, in the old to which he has returned, as we hope, refreshed and encouraged, we commend these hopeful, prayerful, suggestive words as in a very real sense the best of Christmas-tide reading.

THE "LITTLE FATHER" AND HIS CHILDREN.

The incompetence of the Czar has been displayed on a larger stage than seemed likely to be open to it till this day week. No single circumstance that can make his weakness more visible has been wanting. The revolutionary movement in St. Petersburg—if that can be called revolutionary which, in the first instance, was only a strike of workmen against conditions of labor which they regard as intolerably hard—was of a kind which it rested with him, and with no one else, to control and keep harmless. The language of the petition contains, indeed, much that goes beyond the ordinary complaints of workmen against their employers. There is enough of political unrest in Russia—arising, to a great extent, from the want of any regular means of making political wants known—to ensure the introduction of such questions into any document that expresses the feelings of a large number of men. But any one who reads the long introduction which ushers in the specific remedies demanded will see that the petition is far more an utterance of discontent with their own material condition than a demand for Constitutional changes. Some of the commonplaces familiar in all such manifestoes are to be found in this one, but others are curiously wanting. The responsibility of Ministers, the separation of Church and State, a progressive income-tax are all here; but there is no mention of universal suffrage, of vote by ballot, or of the convocation of a National Assembly. The gist of their complaint is the exploitation of the workmen by capitalists and Government officials, and the little that is known of Russia supplies no assurance that this is not a well-founded grievance. But whether it be well founded

or not, it did not lie with the Czar to refuse to take account of it. Autocracy, like every other form of government, has its special obligations. Under all other forms some channel exists in which those who think themselves oppressed can make their voice heard. There is some Chamber in which the working class have a share of representation, however small, and can, on occasion, make that share audible. In Russia alone there is nothing of the sort; in Russia alone is the Sovereign the sole source, whether of justice or of mercy. And, therefore, in Russia alone has the Sovereign no right to refuse to consider in his own person the prayers of his subjects. The Czar cannot pass on these prayers to a Ministry or a Parliament. Parliament there is none, and the Ministry is only a term of courtesy for a group of clerks who have neither position nor authority, except as the creatures of the Sovereign's will. Even a Czar cannot have things both ways. If he is an autocrat, he must behave as an autocrat, or have his incapacity for his place and function demonstrated to the world.

This is the choice which Nicholas II. has this week had to make. He may, indeed, have persuaded himself that he has evaded responsibility by running away, and that a Czar whom his people do not know where to find is a Czar who cannot be blamed for anything that follows upon his flight. He may even hope that the massacre of Sunday will be laid at the door of the Grand Dukes, and that his other shortcomings will be excused on the score of his being an obedient nephew. Unfortunately for him and for his dynasty, these flimsy pleas will be forgotten as soon as they are set up, and

the blame of all that has happened, and of all that may still happen, will be the Czar's, and the Czar's only. It will be so all the more because it rested with him to make last Sunday pretty much what he chose. There were three things that he might have done any one of which would have given the incidents of the day a different direction from that which they actually took. His best course would have been to allow the workmen to present their petition, and to tell them that he would give their requests his full and careful consideration. There is no reason to believe that if he had done this there would have been any hostile action on the part of the crowd. What they asked was a hearing, an opportunity of making their Sovereign—the only authority to which, under an absolute autocracy, it is possible for them to turn—acquainted with the nature of their grievances, and with the means by which, in their opinion, those grievances can be removed. Their complaints could not have been put right in a moment, but the assurance that the Czar was willing to learn what they were, and anxious to do all in his power to meet them, would have been enough to send away the crowd with a new sense of hope and gratitude. This, however, may have been too great a demand on the Czar's courage. To stand before a vast throng of people, with every eye fixed on him and every ear strained to catch his lightest word, may have been more than he could endure. In that case there was another possibility open to him. He might have announced that he was prepared to receive a small deputation of workmen, and to discuss with them the measures described in their petition. This would have been an inferior, because a far less imposing, expedient than confronting the crowd in person. It would have appealed less to the imagination, and have made less im-

pression upon an excitable and, in its way, romantic people. On the other hand, it would have had some advantages over the bolder course. It would have enabled the Czar to get at the real meaning of the workmen's demands, and to have pointed out why some of them could not be granted. Indeed, even if the crowd had been confronted in the first instance, such an interview as this must in the end have taken place; and if it had been substituted for the bolder and more imposing act, it would possibly have been almost as successful. Even now the list of possible courses is not exhausted. The Czar might have put forth a reasoned statement of his reasons for refusing to see the petitioners or their representatives. He might have dwelt on the length and difficulty of the statement submitted to him, and have asked for time in which to consider it himself, and to take counsel with his advisers as to the answer to be returned to it. This would have been the least effective course of the three, because it would have been the least definite, and the least calculated to inspire confidence in the petitioners. But even this, if it had been done in good faith, would probably have averted the disasters of Sunday. As we know, the Czar, either of his own will or yielding to the stronger will of his uncles, rejected them all, and preferred to leave the people of his capital in ignorance where he was or in what light he regarded their action. The only information he vouchsafed to them on this last point was such as could be conveyed by the bullets of his soldiers.

What is there now left for the Czar to do? He has made up his mind, seemingly, or allowed other people to make it up for him, that things must go on as they have begun. The end in view is the restraint of any expression of opinion or desire on the part of

his people. The means by which this end is to be reached is wholesale slaughter, as often as a crowd large enough to be slaughtered can be found gathered together. How far this discipline will be effective it is too soon to say. Probably so long as the necessary orders are given, and the troops obey them, it will succeed in St. Petersburg. No revolutionary movement can hope to stand against cavalry and artillery, if they are used with sufficient decision. But St. Petersburg is not Russia, and it is possible that the spectacle of what the Czar's autocracy has come to in the capital may seriously weaken its hold on the rest of the Empire. The Grand Dukes may for the moment be delighting them-

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selves in the success of their policy, but what is possible in a single city may not be possible in many cities at once; and, after all, the real population of Russia does not live in cities. The grievances of the peasants may not indeed be identical with those of the workmen, but they have points of resemblance, and the rumors of what happened last Sunday growing, as they are likely to do, in the process of transmission, may suggest the need of making common efforts for a common end. The present policy is not fitted to deal with discontents that are spread over the whole country, and the incapacity of the Czar may yet lead to consequences that even the Grand Dukes cannot control.

THE MACEDONIAN SITUATION.

There is once more grave reason to follow the course of events in Macedonia with anxious attention, and to inquire rather searchingly what steps our own Government is taking to forestall the dangers which seem imminent and to fulfil its pledges. The *Times* has written well upon this subject during the past week, and if public opinion in France were as alert and as well-informed as in England one might perhaps hope for some further diplomatic move. The Austro-Russian reforms have failed, as all good judges predicted they must, and their failure has been almost surprisingly complete. The two Assessors have merely travelled about, written reports, and given good advice to Hilmi Pasha, as the humblest consuls might have done. The Turks have permitted an experiment in a few selected villages to see whether it is possible to collect the taxes directly without the intervention of the corrupt and violent *publicani*,

who buy the tithes of a village at auction and collect as much more as seems good to them. But that this experiment will be generally adopted we do not for a moment believe. The whole Turkish system of ascendancy, by which the ruling class of Mohamedan landlords share in the profits of conquest, rests upon these methods of spoliation, and if the "garrison" (to use an Irish parallel) were deprived of its perquisites its loyalty would hardly stand the strain. Lastly, the gendarmerie scheme has broken down because the European officers possess no executive authority. If they see an abuse they must report to headquarters. With the maintenance of order they have nothing to do. In fact, it is clear that the reforms *have* failed to do any good.

But apart from the failure of the reforms, matters seem to be actually rather worse than they were before the late insurrection. The Turkish admin-

istration is more hopelessly centralized than ever, and Hilmi Pasha, a clever but somewhat sinister figure, is a mere shadow of the Palace. He appears to be doing his best, as he did in the spring of 1903, to drive the Bulgarians once more into revolt. Troops are being quartered once more upon the villages—which means a daily round of robbery and oppression. A curfew ordinance has been re-enacted. The whole public life of the Bulgarian communities stands suspended and suppressed. Their teachers are nearly all in exile, and practically all their schools are closed in consequence. A large number of their churches have been handed over to the Greek faction by the Turkish authorities—and that even in villages where the peasants of the Greek party are in a very small minority. Economically, save for the help that was rendered once this autumn in certain districts by the British Relief Fund, their case is still exceedingly miserable. The Turks, needless to say, have not made good their promise to rebuild the villages (12,000 houses in all) which were burned in 1903. In the Adrianople region the refugees have not yet been suffered to return, and their lands are still occupied by Turks. Finally, the Greek and Albanian bands which are making war upon the Bulgarians are tolerated, if not encouraged, by the Government, which is only too pleased to foster any feud among its Christian subjects. The general insecurity defies description, and the outlook for the immediate future is still blacker. With the coming of spring all the lawless bands are preparing to extend their activities, while the rigor of the authorities, not against the agitators but against the villagers, grows ever more stringent. It is an unbearable position, and if there comes no sign of a fresh European intervention before next spring an insurrection seems inevitable—and

insurrection spells massacre, outrage, and devastation.

It is quite futile to look for help to either of the interested Powers upon whom Europe in a moment of apathy conferred a mandate to pacify Macedonia. Russia is entirely preoccupied both at home and abroad. Austria has no policy except procrastination. Her Emperor is an intensely conservative force. Both the Germans and the Magyars are disposed to be Turcophil and to dread any movement of sympathy which might make them responsible for a large Slav population. And both Austria and Hungary are in the throes of Parliamentary crises. Of the other Powers, Germany stands aloof, and doubtless supports the Sultan behind the scenes. France is tied by the Russian Alliance. Italy is eager, but interested. There remains only England, at once free, disinterested, and sympathetic. We are pledged to action. In the past stands our overwhelming responsibility for the Treaty of Berlin, which flung Macedonia, rescued by Russian intervention, once more beneath the heel of the Turk. But we have also obligations of recent date. Lord Lansdowne has explicitly promised that if the Austro-Russian reforms should fail he will propose more drastic measures of amelioration. He is much too well informed, thanks to our excellent consular staff in Macedonia, to retain any illusions about the success of these reforms. That he has not forgotten his pledges is an assumption which his keen and altogether humane interest in this question warrants. The problem is how best to awaken the interest of the French Government and to bring it into line with Italy. In the autumn of 1903 Sir Edward Grey expressed the opinion that if even one other Power would support us, it was clearly our duty to intervene. There is no doubt that we could secure the co-operation of the Italian fleet if a

naval demonstration became necessary.

Lord Lansdowne has himself indicated the programme which any serious Power must follow if it means to intervene with effect. It would no doubt be worth while merely to confer executive authority upon the European gendarmerie officers. But this would lead to endless conflicts with the Turkish Prefects and Governors. It would be useless to arrest criminals unless the courts were reformed. And to compel the Turks to pay the gendarmerie without reforming their whole financial system would simply mean that the

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officials and the soldiers would receive less pay than ever, and there would be no money to repair the roads. Moreover, nothing short of a final solution will ever induce the Bulgarian or Greek bands to disarm or persuade the Turks to reduce the colossal army which lives upon the country. The Sultan would oppose serious reforms of detail as stoutly as he would fight any general and immediate remedy. The only satisfactory course is to nominate a European Governor independent of the Porte, endowed with full powers and responsible only to Europe.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Knox will occur in May. The Putnams will publish at that time the Knox volume in their Heroes of the Reformation series. The author is Professor Henry Cowan, D.D., of Aberdeen University.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are about publishing an English sociological work by L. T. Hobhouse, which should interest American students of social questions. The titles of such chapters as "The School of Cobden," "The Imperial Idea," "The Useful and the Right" pique curiosity.

Lovers and critics of art will welcome Sir Walter Armstrong's monograph upon "The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painting" of which E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers. Taking as his theme the splendid collection brought together by the second Sir Robert Peel, in which were included fifty-five examples of the Dutch school and twelve of the Flemish, the author passes under review and treats with appreciation and sym-

pathy the essential qualities of the Dutch artists. He especially combats the idea that Dutch painting is mere technique, taking as his text the somewhat dogmatic pronouncement to that effect in the first chapter of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. The conclusion which he reaches is that the Dutch painters were as elemental artists as those of any other century, and that, although the nature which they chose to illustrate was inferior in beauty to that on which Titian and Giorgione embroidered their gorgeous decorations, no art may justly be condemned for the humbleness of its materials. The one weak point of the Dutch artists, in his view, is their incapacity to improve on the realities of external nature. The form chosen for the volume is a large, slender octavo, which admits not only of an ample and legible page for the letter-press but of the reproduction upon an adequate scale of some of the most striking examples of the Dutch school of art. Of these there are four photogravures, and twenty-four other full-page illustrations.

LOVE LIES MUTE.

Where true lovers find a grave,
 Drop no tear!
 Some day here
 Joyous spring shall reappear;
 Buds shall be, and flowers shall wave,
 And the face of earth look brave.
 Drop no tear!

Here, in one most quiet bed,
 Naught's to hide
 Where twain abide:
 Hand and heart in dust are wed.
 Now to sever their repose
 Rides no wave, and no wind blows:
 Others pass, but these abide.

Nay, take courage! Well is well.
 Better cheer
 Doth greet you here
 Than in hearts of louder living,
 Broken parts and past forgiving.
 Mute's the better tale they tell:
 All ends well.

Love is an immortal root:
 Yet its bliss
 All comes to this—
 Earth must take the final kiss.
 Stops the note amid the flute,
 Sleeps the flower within the fruit,
 Love lies mute.

Laurence Housman.

Pall Mall Magazine.

THE HARPER'S SONG.

This sweetness trembling from the
 strings,
 The troublous music in the lute,
 Hath timed Herodias' daughter's
 foot.

Setting a-clink her ankle rings
 When as she danced to feasted kings;

Whose gemmed apparel gleamed and
 caught

The sunset 'neath the golden dome.
 To the dark beauties of old Rome
 My sorrowful lute hath haply brought
 Sad memories sweet with tender
 thought.

When night had fallen, and lights and
 fires

Were darkened in the homes of men.

Some sighing echo stirred, and then
 The old cunning awakened from the
 wires

The old sorrows and the old desires.

Dead Kings in long forgotten lands,
 And all dead beauteous women. Some
 Whose pride imperial hath become,
 Old armor rusting in the sands,
 And shards of iron in dusty hands,

Have heard my lyre's soft rise and
 fall

Go trembling down the paven ways
 Till every heart was all ablaze,
 Hasty each foot, to obey the call
 To triumph or to funeral.

Could I begin again the slow,
 Sweet, mournful music filled with
 tears,
 Surely the old dead, dusty ears
 Would hear, the old drowsy eyes
 would glow,
 Old memories come—old hopes and
 fears
 And Time restore the long ago.

John Masefield.

The Speaker.

IDYLL.

In Switzerland one idle day,
 As on the grass at noon we lay,
 Came a grave peasant child, and stood
 Watching the strangers eat their food.
 And what we offered her she took
 In silence, with her quiet look,
 And when we rose to go, content
 Without a word of thanks she went.

Another day in sleet and rain
 I chose the meadow path again,
 And partly turning chanced to see
 My little guest-friend watching me
 With eyes half hidden by her hair,
 Blowing me kisses, unaware
 That I had seen, and still she wore
 The same grave aspect as before.

And some recall for heart's delight
 A sunrise, some a snowy height,
 And I a little child who stands
 And gravely kisses both her hands.

Hugh Macnaghten.

The Spectator.